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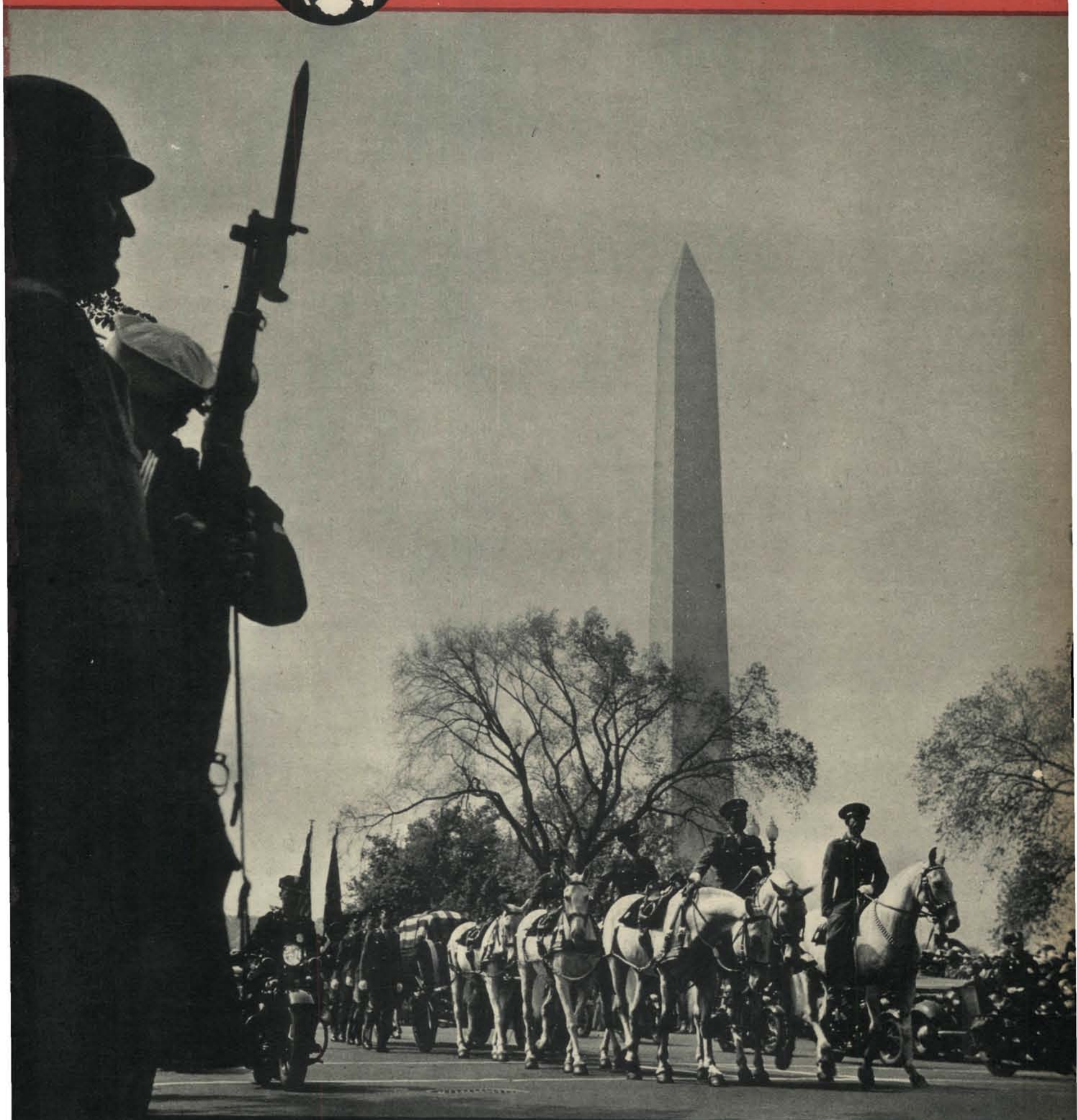
By the men . . . for the men in the service



The Life of Truman and the Death of Roosevelt

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Y S. TRUMAN

By YANK Washington Bureau

HARRY S. TRUMAN of Independence, Mo., the new President of the United States, was a captain and a major in France in the other war and evidently he wasn't chicken.

Because the men in his outfit—Battery D, 129th Field Artillery of the 35th Division, now fighting in Germany—went out of their way to do something nice for him on the way home after the Armistice. They took a cut from every pot of their crap games on the transport and bought him a loving cup, four feet high.

The cup is still the President's proudest possession and the D Battery men are still his close friends. He has never forgotten the things they talked about on that transport and the hard time he and they had getting back in the swing of Missouri civilian life after they were discharged.

He came home and married his girl, Bess Wallace, in June 1919. He and another veteran raised a little money and opened a small haberdashery store. It failed and they lost everything. Truman had plenty of worries before he started in law and politics a few years later and managed to win election as county judge from his section of Jackson County—not a judicial office as the name implies, for in Missouri the County Court is an administrative agency of government whose members are called judges.

Although it is too early to make predictions about what kind of an all-around job he will be able to do in the White House, it is safe to say that the memory of what he went through 25 years ago as a new civilian makes Truman more aware of veterans' post-war problems than most Presidents we have had.

His first executive order after taking office was one giving veterans of this war job priority in U. S. Civil Service.

His first public speech as President, before Congress, included the words: "Our debt to the heroic men and valiant women in the service of our country can never be repaid. They have earned our undying gratitude."

The next evening he spoke to the armed forces over the radio, reminding them of his own combat service in France with the 35th Division. "I know the strain, the mud, the misery, the utter weariness of the soldier in the field," he said. "I know too his courage, his stamina, his faith in his comrades, his country and himself.

"We are depending on each and every one of you."

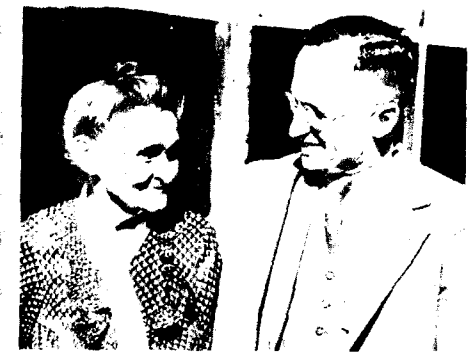
Truman's concern for the servicemen has been strong all through his public life. He is an active American Legion man and as a U. S. senator he was an active supporter of the GI Bill of Rights. Only a few days before the death of President Roosevelt brought him into the White House, he devoted his speech at a Grover Cleveland memorial dinner in Buffalo, N. Y., to facts and figures knocking down civilian fear that the returning veterans may flood the labor market and cause widespread unemployment.

As he announced in his address to Congress, Mr. Truman intends to follow the general line of Roosevelt polices. "I will support those ideals with all my strength and all my heart," he said. But Truman's way of supporting the Roosevelt ideals may be as different from Roosevelt's way as the difference between the two men's

The new President knows about a veteran's post-war problems. He had plenty of them when he came home from France in 1919.

President Truman once operated a haberdashery in Kansas City.

Mr. Truman [illegible] a picnic [illegible] City, 1921.



With his mother (now 91) after being elected U. S. senator in 1934.

At a Truman Committee session. It was first set up early in 1941.

As a contender for the Vice Presidency, with his wife and daughter.

He confers with Roosevelt after his nomination for Vice President.

When he took over his duties as Vice President in January 1944

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backgrounds and personalities. And that is a difference as wide as the distance between Dutchess County, N. Y., and Jackson County, Mo.

Roosevelt was an Eastern blue-blood who went to Groton School—so exclusive that you can't get in unless your grandfather belonged to the right clubs—and Harvard University. Truman's father couldn't afford to let him go to college. He quit school early and worked in the bank in Lamar, Mo., the town where he was born. Then his family got him to come back and help out on the family farm until he went to war. Roosevelt was a wealthy man. Truman came into the White House with the smallest family fortune of any President of this century.

Roosevelt started mixing into politics as a youngster with a Harvard accent and Brooks Brothers clothes whose neighbors in fashionable Dutchess County had invited him to take part in community affairs. When Truman ran for the judge's job in Jackson County, he needed the money it paid.

When Roosevelt was a bright young Assistant Secretary of the Navy and the up-and-coming Democratic nominee for the Vice Presidency 25 years ago, Truman was just another veteran.

When Roosevelt was nominating Al Smith at the Democratic Convention in 1924, Truman was about to get beaten for re-election as county judge. Roosevelt the next year was a business executive in New York. Truman was back on the farm. He stayed at farming until 1930 when, at the age of 46, he managed to make a come-back and get elected county judge again. Roosevelt by that time was governor of New York and already regarded as a cinch for the Presidency.

Truman didn't get into national politics as a senator until 1934, when Roosevelt was not only President but also was already being referred to as "That Man in the White House." The story is that Truman's debut in national politics was somewhat of an accident. They say he went to see Tom Pendergast, the Kansas City political boss, about a county job. "I'm sorry, Harry," Pendergast is supposed to have said to him. "The only thing I can offer you right now is a U. S. senatorship."

Truman's relations with Pendergast, who was convicted on an income-tax-evasion rap in 1939, have caused some people to raise their eyebrows. The new President makes no bones about the fact that he and the late Kansas City boss were on good speaking terms. He points out calmly that Pendergast never asked him to do anything corrupt and that he got more votes for the Pendergast machine in Missouri than it ever got him. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1940 without Pendergast's help.

The Trumans' family life isn't much like the Roosevelts', either. Back in Independence they lived in a rambling frame house, the kind that has colored glass borders in the parlor windows, built by Mrs. Truman's grandfather 80 years ago. It has a swing on the front porch. The President's 91-year-old mother lives on the old farm at Grandview, not far away. Her boast that Harry could plow the straightest furrow in Jackson County had a big play in the newspapers after her son was sworn in as President.

Mrs. Truman used to sit in front of her husband when they were kids together in the class of 1901 at the three-year Independence High School. (He can name today nearly all of the 40 other boys and girls in the class.) He carried her books home every afternoon and they went to the Baptist Sunday School together, too. When they started keeping company, the whole town approved of the match.

When Mr. Truman came to the Senate in 1934, he brought his wife along as his secretary. "She's my chief adviser," he says. "I never write a speech without going over it with her." Until they moved into the White House, they lived in a small Washington apartment with no maid. Mrs. Truman did her own cooking. Lately, of course, they have been getting invitations to big parties in the Capital. Their easy informality makes a good impression. Mr. Truman at one of the last parties he attended as Vice President played a piano duet of "Chopsticks" with Rosa Ponselle, and it went over big. Mrs. Truman, according to women who know about such things, looks well in evening clothes and doesn't put on social airs. When somebody asked her recently about her previous social life, she smiled and said, "Well, there was the Missionary Society, of course, and the Art Club."

The Trumans' 21-year-old daughter Mary Margaret goes along when her parents spend an evening out. She is a pretty girl who would like to study to be a singer, but her father, conscious of his own lack of a college degree, is making her finish George Washington University first. Mary Margaret doesn't have much to say as a rule. At the Chicago Convention, when it began to look as though her father was going to get the Vice-Presidential nomination, she jumped to her feet and yelled, "Yea, team!" Then she blushed and looked around to see if anybody had noticed.

Just 2 hours and 34 minutes after the death of President Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman is sworn in at the White House. Left to right: Secretaries Perkins, Stimson and Wallace, WPB Director Krug, Secretaries Forrestal and Wickard, Attorney General Biddle, Secretary Morgenthau, President Truman, Mrs. Truman, Secretary Ickes, Margaret Truman, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, Speaker of the House Rayburn, War Mobilization Director Vinson and Rep. Martin, minority leader of the House.

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Unlike his predecessor, who was very fond of Camels, Mr. Truman doesn't smoke. He takes an occasional drink, usually bourbon. He plays the piano seriously, especially Chopin pieces, and he likes bridge and poker. "I learned poker in France," he says, "and it was a costly education. As yet it hasn't paid any dividends."

PEOPLE in Washington and Missouri who know Mr. Truman intimately say that in supporting the Roosevelt ideals the new President will delegate more authority than FDR, who tried to make most of his own decisions and often became involved in details that might have been pushed off on his assistants. At his first press conference, Mr. Truman said he planned, for instance, to let the State Department handle the San Francisco conference by itself. He explained that he intended to spend most of his Administration in the White House at his desk and pounded it with his fist to emphasize that point.

Roy Roberts, managing editor of the Kansas City *Star*, who knows Mr. Truman from away back, says that this readiness to delegate authority will be the predominating new feature of his Administration. "Each department or bureau head will be expected to go ahead and run his own show," Roberts writes. "If they make good, fine. If they come a cropper—well, Truman is not the sort who will hang onto them long."

Roberts and others who are in the position to make authoritative predictions about Mr. Truman also expect him, as a former senator, to turn more frequently to Congress for advice and recommendations than Mr. Roosevelt did. The first day he was President Mr. Truman broke a precedent by having lunch at the Capitol. Republican leaders in Congress like Sen. Arthur Vandenburg of Michigan and Rep. Joe Martin of Massachusetts are his good friends. He gets along very well with the Southern Democrats in both Houses. Jackson County was largely Confederate in sentiment during the Civil War, and Mr. Truman's father was a Confederate veteran. James F. Byrnes, the former "Assistant President," returned to Washington from Spartanburg, S. C., where he had gone into retirement only a week before, as soon as Mr. Roosevelt died. He was the first person called to the White House for a conference by Mr. Truman. The new President is said to regard Byrnes as one of the ablest figures in American public life.

Mr. Truman now occupies the Presidency, of course, because he won the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination in Chicago last summer. Two things won him the nomination. The first was the fact that he alone was acceptable to Mr. Roosevelt and to both the conservative element of the Democratic Party and its liberal wing. The second was the excellent performance of the Truman Committee in the investigation of our Government's spending of money for the war effort.

Mr. Truman charged in the Senate in February 1941 that Government agencies were awarding defense contracts to personal favorites, most of them large corporations. He called for the organization of a Senate committee to investigate the situation. A month later, the Senate organized such a committee with him as its chairman. The committee is generally credited with having done a terrific job. It could have been used for sensational, headline-making muckraking. Mr. Truman instead saw to it that the investigations of spending and contract awards were carried on in a spirit of constructive helpfulness. Although he did not hesitate to name names and to let the chips lie where they fell, the people whose work he investigated often thanked him for it afterward.

His committee's first report accused the War Department of "fantastically" poor judgment in the choice of camp sites and in its policy of renting vehicles and equipment for construction programs instead of buying them outright. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces, was quoted later as saying that the Truman inquiry saved the Government $200,000,000.

The Truman Committee also charged that U. S. shipyards were shaking down the Navy for unreasonable profits; that "dollar-a-year men" in key positions in Washington were delaying production and taking care of their friends with fat contracts; that automobile plants were far behind schedule in converting to war production; that American fighter planes in 1941 and the early part of 1942 were no good; that housing plans for defense and war workers were snafued; that the big steel firms, trying to squash small competitors, were to blame for the shortage of steel and scrap then prevalent; that the Navy's Bureau of Ships had rejected a design for an effective invasion landing craft and had spent millions of dollars "using models of its own design despite repeated failures thereof"; that I. G. Farbenindustrie and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had a cartel agreement which worked to the advantage of the Axis by hindering the development of synthetic rubber in the U. S.

Mr. Truman called on Mr. Roosevelt one day in January 1942 to tell him that his committee was going to recommend that one man should run the whole war-production program. The next day Mr. Roosevelt announced Donald M. Nelson's appointment as war-production head. As a result of the Truman Committee's report, dollar-a-year men bowed out.

Mr. Truman summed up his committee's goal by saying, "The thing to do is to dig up this stuff now and correct it. If we run this war program efficiently there won't be any opportunity for someone to undertake a lot of investigation after the war and cause a wave of revulsion that will start the country on the downhill road to unpreparedness and put us in another war in 20 years."

LIKE Mr. Roosevelt, the new President believes that another war can come just as quickly from a lack of cooperation between nations as it can from the lack of military preparedness. One of the main themes of his campaign speeches last fall was that the U. S. should never return to isolationism. As a senator who described himself as a "common-sense liberal" he was a strong supporter of the Roosevelt foreign policies. According to his boyhood friend, Charles G. Ross of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, he arranged the luncheon that led to the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill Resolution in the Senate calling for a full American share in a world-peace organization.

Once when he was discussing lend-lease, he remarked: "When anybody cries on my shoulder about lend-lease, I always say that for every hundred million dollars we gave them, we saved one hundred thousand lives. If we never get any of it back it will be money well spent."

MR. Truman is the type of President who doesn't stand on pomp and ceremony and likes to call people by their first names. The squads of Secret Service men who follow him around make him feel like a nuisance rather than like an important figure. His friends say he hates to bother or offend people. In that respect, he takes after his parents. His two grandfathers were named Shippe and Solomon. When Mr. Truman was born, his parents didn't want to offend either of them so they gave the boy the middle initial of "S" and let it go at that.

When he was in the Senate, the new President once commented about its ceremony and social procedure. "All this precedence and other hooey accorded to a senator isn't very good for the Republic," he said.

If he felt like that when he was an Army officer, it was no wonder the men in his battery presented him with the loving cup.

President Harry S. Truman meets the press for the first time in the executive room of the White House. The room was jammed with the largest number of newsmen it ever held in the history of Presidential press conferences. There were 348 reporters for newspapers from all over the country, not to mention 50 visitors.

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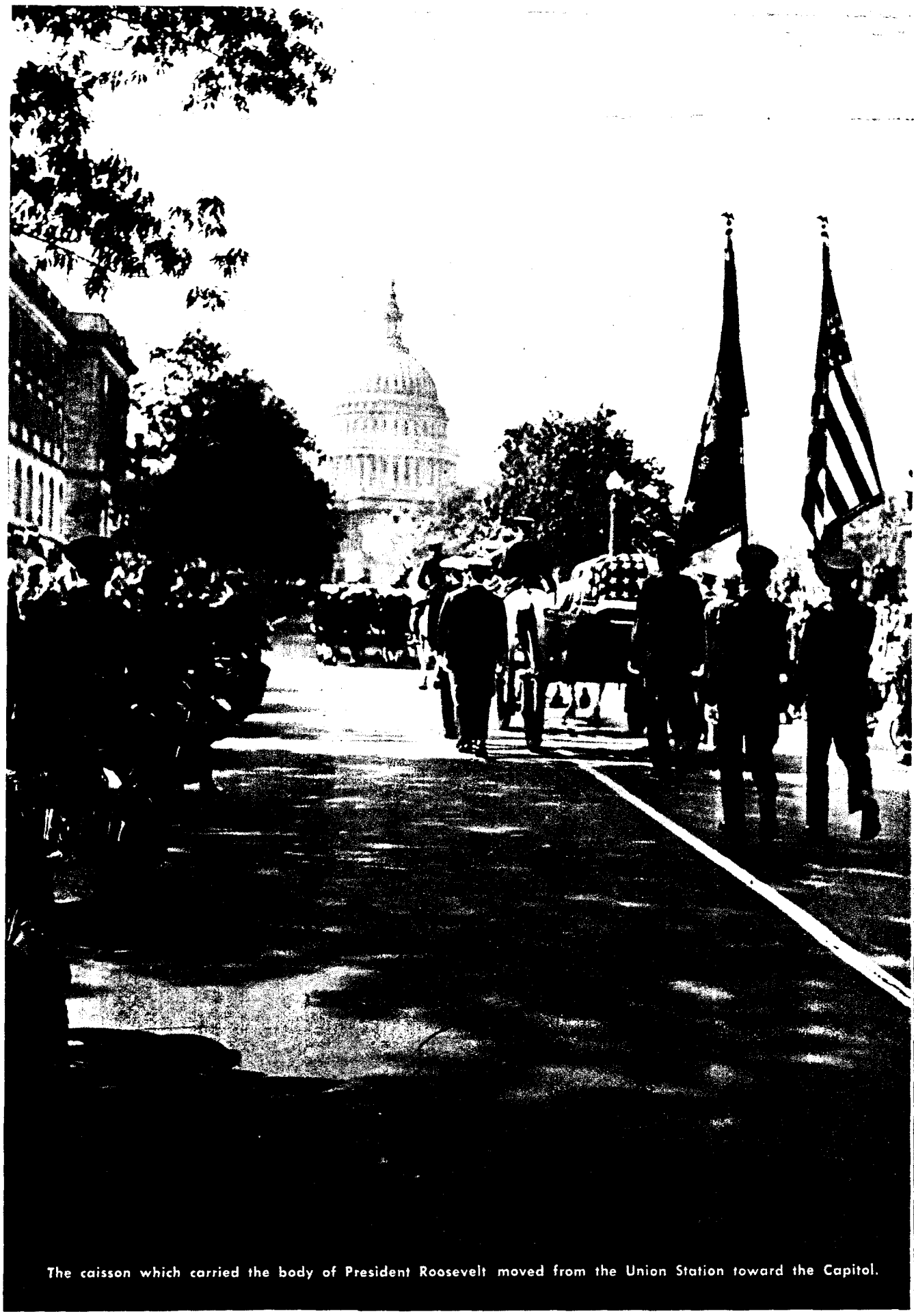

The caisson which carried the body of President Roosevelt moved from the Union Station toward the Capitol.

After the body was lowered into the grave
Hyde Park, the bugler sounded taps and eig

Roosevelt's Funeral

How the nation took the news of a President's death and how the word came to GIs overseas.

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over the
coffin. The Roosevelt family stands in center left.

As the funeral procession arrived outside the White House grounds, the waiting crowd showed its sorrow.

THE funeral march stretched for a thousand miles. The train, with the flag rippling from the engine, had come up from Georgia, past the old battlefields of another war fought 80 years ago. There was a great hush over the land. The people came and stood by the tracks as the long train rolled on, bound for Washington and later a quiet garden high above the Hudson. The President was dead.

The train moved slowly through the night. At Charlotte, N. C., a troop of Boy Scouts started to sing "Onward Christian Soldiers," and massed thousands took it up in a mighty chorus. Along the way people dropped to their knees in prayer. Bells tolled a requiem.

By countless thousands the people came to say good-bye to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Men in overalls, men with gnarled hands, women with shawls, kids, wet-eyed and solemn, lined the tracks and bowed their heads.

("There is the hope of the future," said the economist who once had been a Brain-Truster. "If Franklin Roosevelt's hopes and dreams are deep enough in the heart of the people, the people will make them come true.")

There had been only one other pilgrimage like this in American history. That had taken place 80 years before, almost to a day, when a wartime President had been borne on a long trek to Illinois and a tomb that became a shrine. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

Across the silent countryside soft with spring, past the sprawling green fields of Virginia, Franklin Roosevelt came back to Washington. There in the Capital, shimmering in the hot sun, where he had four times come in triumph after Presidential campaigns, the President rode again. The last campaign had ended for the man who once described himself as an "old campaigner who loves a good fight." Now he rode in a flag-draped coffin on a black caisson drawn by six white horses.

At the Union Station and along the broad streets leading to the White House, where the President had ridden so often to the crowd's acclaim, the silence was broken only by the muffled roll of drums and the muted dirge.

Five hundred thousand persons saw the coffin on the caisson and sensed that men would speak of this hour 100 years from now.

("Once when I was traveling on a campaign train with Franklin Roosevelt," said the senator, "a little boy came running up the tracks as the train started pulling out of the station. And the little boy yelled, 'Hey, Mr. President, thanks for our new WPA toilet and thanks for everything.' Franklin Roosevelt was the people's hero. The people were his hero. A long time ago he whipped infantile paralysis, and after that he wasn't afraid of anything. No wonder they called him the Champ.")

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt had asked that no one send flowers to the funeral, yet in the stately East Room of the White House, where the closed coffin rested, flowers banked three sides of the room, high against the wall. There were flowers sent by kings and flowers sent by obscure people whom the President never saw. A little boy in Chicago sent a bouquet picked from his back yard. "I was sorry," he wrote, "that I couldn't come to the funeral."

The weather was sultry on this funeral day, much as it had been on April 14, 1865, the day Abraham Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theater. And in the East Room, where Lincoln had lain in state, the mourners gathered at the bier of

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Franklin Roosevelt. Great men of the world were there. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had flown to Washington from London. He looked grave and worried. Prime Minister Winston Churchill had planned also to attend the funeral of this "cherished friend" but canceled his plans because of the urgency of the war situation.

Cabinet members and diplomats were there. Supreme Court justices, congressmen and men famous in literature were there. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was drawn and tired, but her step was firm and her head was high. Harry Hopkins, closest of the Presidential advisers, who had flown to Washington from the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., where he had been ill, grasped the back of the chair in front of him so tightly that his knuckles gleamed white.

Near the Roosevelt family sat President Truman, his wife and daughter, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Crown Princess Martha of Norway. The new President and his family entered the room so quietly that no one had time to rise. He stared straight ahead, his jaw outthrust. In this hour of mourning, he seemed quietly confident, as though at this flag-draped coffin of his fallen leader he was gathering will of spirit for the task ahead.

The coffin was flanked by flags and rested on a catafalque centered near the east wall. From the wall on either side looked down full-length portraits of George and Martha Washington.

At each corner of the coffin was a guard. Two GIs, a corporal and a pfc, and a marine and a sailor all stood rigidly at attention. The stillness was broken only by the gentle whirring of a fan. To one side of the room sat the President's wheel chair, empty.

(And in the park across the street from the White House, where the people had gathered to talk in low tones, the old man said: "The greatest thing that Franklin Roosevelt did was teach the people that this land is theirs; that the earth's abundance belongs to the people; that they need only the will to gain the power.")

In the East Room, rich with history and heavily fragrant with flowers, the Rt. Rev. Angus Dun, bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, prayed for "steadfast courage in adversity; for sympathy with the hungers and fears of common men; for trials met without surrender, and weakness endured without defeat; for unyielding faith in the possibility of a more just and more ordered world, delivered from the ancient curse of war."

The bishop, at Mrs. Roosevelt's suggestion, quoted the words with which Franklin Roosevelt on a bleak inaugural day more than 12 years before had restored a desperate nation's faith: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

The bishop closed with familiar words that rang through the long room: "Through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

The mourners left the White House. Outside, other mourners still stood, crowds of them. They had stood through a sudden downpour of rain, and now their clothes steamed in the sun.

That night, again through hushed, crowded streets, the President's coffin was carried to the train for its journey to Hyde Park, N. Y. Twelve years before, Franklin Roosevelt had come to the White House at a time of crisis, with millions of unemployed roaming the nation's streets, and he had offered sympathy, hope and bold experiment. Now he was no longer untried. Twelve years before he had reassured the people with the solemn word that the "money changers have abdicated . . . the people have not failed." Now the people were telling him quietly and reverently that he had not failed. They watched the hearse roll to the train, and they bowed in honest grief. His place in history secure, the President was leaving the White House forever.

("Some people compare him to Lincoln," said the professor who had once helped draft New Deal legislation, "and it's true that he was attacked and abused like Lincoln. But Franklin Roosevelt patterned himself after Jefferson and Jackson. He proved, as Jefferson did, that a man can be a great gentleman and at the same time a great commoner. And he was tough like Jackson, a hell of a fighter.")

ONCE more the body of Franklin Roosevelt was borne through the night. And again the people in the villages and towns and farms waited in the darkness while the train rolled past.

Riding with the President on this last journey were men and women who had come to Washington 12 years before, eager to wipe out old laws and write new ones. This night they were tired and troubled. The New Dealers were getting old, and they had lost their leader. Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes had boarded the train together, walking arm in arm. "Roosevelt's musketeers," said a man in the crowd.

The train moved through the night, and the dim lights of the towns etched the faces of the people standing near the tracks. Across one station there was a line of boys and girls—boys holding caps in their left hands and girls with pigtails. They stood with chests thrust out at attention. A band played "Hail to the Chief." Some of the kids were crying.

Northward the train rolled, taking Franklin Roosevelt home. At the edge of a little town an old man was spearing waste paper with a pointed stick. In his right hand he carried a greasy blue cap. As the train passed, the old man put on his cap, drew himself jerkily up and saluted. His heels were together, his chest was out. Clearly he had saluted before, maybe in some war long ago.

("I rode with him on all four of his campaigns," said the reporter. "A lot of people praising him the most now are the ones who fought him the hardest. That would amuse the old man. He always knew the pitch on those phonies.")

At lonely crossroads and in great cities, the common people had come to say their own goodbye to this crippled man who once had taken a crippled nation and helped it walk once more.

Sketches by Sgt Robert Greenhalgh show men of the honor guard placing the President's

Sgt Robert Greenhalgh
The President's funeral - Washington D.C.

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The next morning was Sunday, April 15, 1945. At 10:15 A.M. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, four times chosen by the people as President of the United States, was committed to the earth of his beloved Hyde Park birthplace.

Against a 15-foot hemlock hedge surrounding the old garden which the President long ago had designated as his burial place, files of soldiers, sailors and marines stood rigidly at attention, their eyes fixed on the flag-draped coffin. A battalion of gray-and-white-clad West Point Cadets was massed at one end of the garden. The cadets' crepe-hung drums rolled mournfully across the chill morning air.

The Rev. Dr. W. George W. Anthony, rector of St. James Church of Hyde Park, quoted from "Requiescat" by John B. Dykes:

"Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

Three cadets fired deliberately spaced volleys across the President's grave. A bugler stepped forward and softly blew taps. A sergeant of the honor guard selected to carry the coffin lifted the American flag from the top, folded it carefully and handed it to Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt, ashen-gray but dry-eyed, accepted it proudly.

("Last time I talked with him," said the neighbor, "the President told me he didn't know how history would record him as a President, but he said he knew for sure that he was one of the best doggoned tree-growers ever to come up the pike.")

Within a half-hour after the burial all the mourners had left. Franklin Roosevelt was alone in the garden where he had played as a boy and where he had teased a childhood playmate named Eleanor. The only sound was the footbeat of sentries walking their posts.

—Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

The Virginia Depot

LYNCHBURG, VA.—At 2 in the morning it was warm, and the faint scent of flowers mixed with the odors of coal smoke at the station.

The handsome kid who handled the mail sacks cried orders to his driver, who gunned the old Chevy truck noisily. The handsome kid climbed in beside the driver and looked up at the platform above the tracks as the Chevy rolled away—looked up with the magnificent arrogance of a 16-year-old at the legs of the women above.

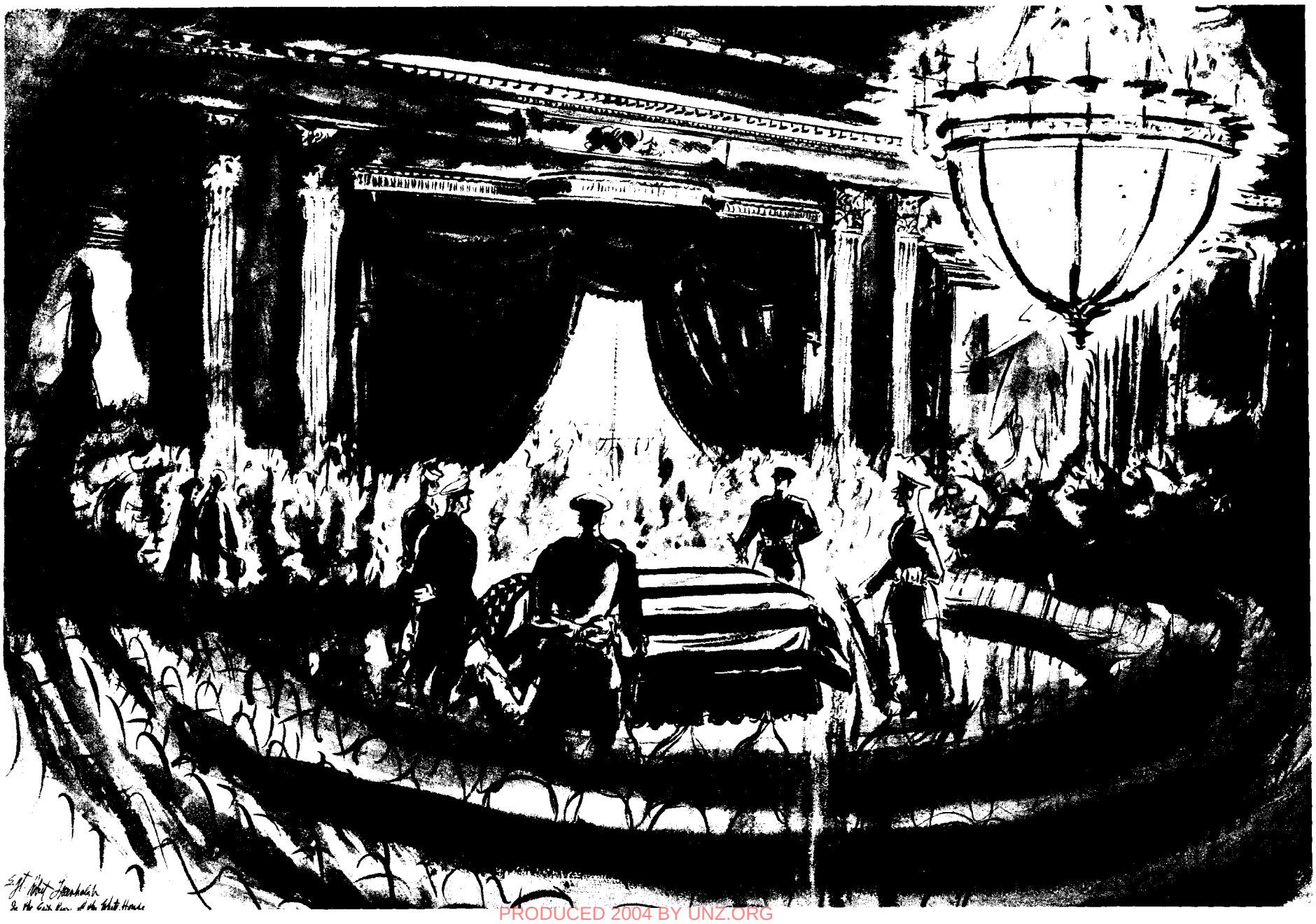
At track level, two Southern Railway detectives stood in self-conscious importance, knowing that soon they could lift their hands and command all Americans to move aside, move back to a certain line. They were the men in charge, conscious that two hours from now they could report that all had been handled according to instructions. They were hard men, and they had their orders.

"We have our orders," they said. Their credentials were in their left hip pockets. One of them showed his badge to a man who wanted to park his car on the track level.

A few older men stood by the platform railing talking in a soft accent. They were talking about the family. They traded sentences in the sympathetic undertones of old friends of the family; their voices were the voices of those who gather at the home and stand outside on the porch, picking carefully and slowly over the events that follow a death in the family. "One of the boys started home by plane as soon as he heard the news from his mother," a man said solemnly. "I don't guess they all can come."

Two squads of soldiers wearing MP armbands marched in columns of twos down the platform and were posted by a staff sergeant. They took

coffin on its caisson and standing by him in the East Room of the White House.



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interval to the left and stood at parade rest. A woman watched the staff sergeant and said, "He don't care how long they stand there, does he?" She marveled at the staff sergeant, marveled that this man could order 24 other men to stand like statues until he said they could do something. "They could stand there until 12 o'clock tomorrow for all he cares." Her voice carried wonderment.

At 3 or a little after a train came in, and the people on the platform watched.

"They're loadin' that one. You know they wouldn't be loadin' express on his train," a man said to his wife. His wife said nothing.

A freight came through and temporarily interrupted the conversation of two Negro men. One had taken off his hat as the earlier train came in, then hastily put it back on when he realized this was not the train. He and his friend were talking about past funerals. They had been talking about whether the President could be buried at Arlington, and now they were talking about soldiers of Virginia who had been buried with honors. "That was the first time I ever saw the Richmond Blues," said one. "I mean all them men was tall, too." The freight rolled off, southbound.

Twenty minutes later two state cops went down and cleared the people from the track level. People moved quietly now, and the talk that had been clear became muted. An older Negro man and his wife stood apart and watched as half a dozen teen-agers invaded the platform from the parking space outside. The teen-age boys wore dark pants and light coats with padded shoulders, and the girls wore slacks and short light coats and had peasant scarves wound in turbans on their heads.

The old Negro couple watched them approach and the old man whispered to his wife, "Now, look at that." His words were scarcely audible. He and his wife moved off, down to the end of the platform where other colored people stood. The old man was scowling. A teen-ager shrilled, "There's Shirley!" and waved.

By 3:40 the people who had waited longest at the platform railing were joined by those who had set their alarm clocks and now began to come, carloads at a time in family groups, to the station. They spoke to one another, these groups, as they found places by the railing. They were compact, clannish groups. One seemed to be composed of civic-club citizens. They spoke biting words aimed at those who had cleared the track level. "It's just these officials we have here. Why can't we stand down there?" They looked coldly at the cops, who were unaware of them.

"Why can't we stand down there?" a black-haired young woman said in a sharp accent that cut deep into the low voices of Virginia around her. "His last trip through Lynchburg, too."

A big guy rolled up to the railing and was greeted by a group. "What brought you down here?" they asked. "Same thing that brought you," he answered boisterously. "Curiosity got the best of me." He laughed heartily.

The black-haired young woman looked scornfully across, and her voice was biting. "And *he* had to die——"

The whistle blew far up the tracks, and the sentence was unfinished. The crowd composed itself silently at the railing. From the track level came the echo-distorted command, "Present arms!" The people—400 of a city of 40,000—stood immobile at 4 in the morning. The noise of driving rods cut out from up the track, and then there was the sound of the bell.

Two engines coasted through, drawing the darkened train, and the people tensed for the sight of something they could remember—lights in the vestibules and in the lavatories, a man in a gray suit with one hand in his pocket riding the bottom step of a car.

A light showed in the last car. The car went by, shades up, and for a moment there showed a corner of a flag, red and white, and there was the impression of a red silk bow. Or perhaps there was no bow at all. The train was moving very fast. But there was red and white, and what appeared to be a bow, and that was what the people on the upper platform were able to see.

"It was the last thing in the car," a woman's voice said softly.

The people at the railing stood only until the click of the rails was lost in the rising whisper of those who had come to pay their last respects.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

mbers of the Roosevelt family await the funeral train in Washington. L. to r.: Lt. Col. and Mrs. John ettiger, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt.

New York City

NEW YORK, N. Y.—All over New York City people were stunned by the news from Warm Springs, for this was one of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's greatest strongholds. The news flowed into the subways and busses and flowed out again over the city.

The people heard it by word of mouth and radio, and they stood around in little groups in the streets waiting for some word that it was all a mistake and the President was still alive.

When it was learned there was no mistake, crepe-draped pictures of the President were put up in the windows of places as unalike as Saks-Fifth Avenue department store and Paddy's Clam House. Candy-store owners reached over and pulled out the plugs from their juke boxes. In the Trans-Lux Newsreel Theater on Broadway the manager came out and made the announcement. In 10 minutes more than half the people in the theater had rushed out, many crying.

Nowhere was grief so open as in the poorer districts of the city. In Old St. Patrick's in the heart of the Italian district on the lower East Side, bowed, shabby figures came and went, and by the day after the President died hundreds of candles burned in front of the altar. "Never," a priest said, "have so many candles burned in this church."

In the poor Jewish district around Delancey Street every store was closed on Saturday, normally the biggest business day of the week. One man started to open his ice-cream parlor on Saturday afternoon, but dozens of people gathered in front of the shop, cursing angrily. The man hastily closed down again.

In the shelter of the Eighth Avenue subway entrance on Houston Street, a little old woman in a black shawl sat on the sidewalk on an empty orange box. She kept swaying back and forth and sobbing and saying over and over again, "He was such a good man, he was such a good man, he was such a good man."

A cop passed by and he should have made her move, but he made believe he didn't see her.

In all the store windows were *Yahrzeit* glasses, the mourning candles that Jews light on the death of a member of the immediate family. The

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sprawling Essex Market, which Mayor LaGuardia built to get the push carts off the streets, was closed. But inside, the market looked like a section of firmament. There were *Yahrzeit* glasses burning on all the hundreds of little stalls.

A man started hawking 1944 Roosevelt campaign buttons in the street, yelling "Get your Roosevelt memorial button — 15 cents." The people drove him off the street. A 6-year-old kid went by saying to her mother: "I wished we lived in Washington. In Washington the kids didn't have to go to school." The mother wound up and landed one on the kid's backside.

Just before 4 o'clock when the funeral services were about to begin at the White House, Mrs. Fannie Kornberg brought a radio down from her home and set it up on the outdoor counter of her little store at the corner of Rivington and Essex Streets. Her store is named Harry's Cut Rate Candy Corner, Imported and Domestic. Harry is somewhere in Germany with the Third Army. Mrs. Kornberg connected the radio, and in 10 minutes a crowd of about 50 persons gathered among the pickle barrels to listen to the services.

There were little men in white aprons, old men with derbies and white beards. There was a prim woman who looked like a school teacher, and another who might have been a social worker. One well-dressed middle-aged man in a gray Homburg looked strangely like the famous picture of the grief-torn Frenchman watching the Germans roll into Paris in 1940. They all faced the radio and listened without speaking.

At 4 o'clock there was a moment of silence, and on the radio a bell began to toll. It was almost a signal. Those who were not already crying cried now. The crowd wept with a long, prolonged hum. A woman clasped her 8-year-old son and said, "Not in my lifetime or in yours, will we again see such a man."

About the same time 35,000 people were gathered in City Hall Park to hear formal memorial services conducted by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. At 4:05 the rain suddenly came down in torrents. The people stood bareheaded in the rain and listened. They stood there for nearly half an hour, getting drenched to the skin. Fewer than 1,000 of the 35,000 left to find shelter in the nearby buildings.

—Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

The Hudson Valley

BEACON, N. Y.—In 1910 a young man made a campaign speech in Bank Square. He wore a blue flannel coat, white duck pants and white shoes. The speech got a lot of applause, and the opposition felt that notice had to be taken of it.

"It wasn't a great speech," the opposition said. "The womenfolk were gawking at his fancy clothes and the men were taken in by that newfangled auto contraption he brought down here."

The young man got elected state senator from Dutchess County. He was the first Democrat in the county who had received that honor in 51 years. His name was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

After 1910 the young man came back to the square seven times to speak to his friends and neighbors, Harold Brilliant, the local cop, recalled. This quiet Sunday morning Harold sat on the Bank Square curb. There were few people on the streets, and the square itself was almost empty. A warm sun began to nudge over the mountains and into the Hudson Valley as the chimes of the Methodist Church on Main Street announced the 6 A.M. memorial service for the 31st President of the United States. The funeral train from Washington to Hyde Park was due to pass through Beacon about 8.

Harold took off his faded blue cap, scratched his head and pointed to the other side of the square. "He'd drive down from Hyde Park through Wappingers Falls and come into the square from North Avenue," Harold said. "Old Morg Hoyt would be waiting for him. Morg introduced him back in 1910. They always said the same things to each other. Mr. Roosevelt would say, 'Hello, Morg. You don't look a day older than you did back in 1910.' And Morg would answer, 'Neither do you, Franklin.' Then they both would laugh. It was something to see."

The men of Beacon were full of their mem-

After she had seen her husband laid to rest, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt walked away with her son El

ONE OF MANY

A few days after the death of her husband, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote the following tribute to him in her United Features Syndicate column. When the New York World-Telegram published the column it changed its title from the usual "My Day" to "One of Many."

WHEN you have lived for a long time in close contact with the loss and grief which today pervade the world, any personal sorrow seems to be lost in the general sadness of humanity. For a long time all hearts have been heavy for every serviceman sacrificed in the war. There is only one way in which those of us who live can repay the dead who have given their utmost for the cause of liberty and justice. They died in the hope that, through their sacrifice, an enduring peace would be built and a more just world would emerge for humanity.

While my husband was in Albany and for some years after coming to Washington, his chief interest was in seeing that the average human being was given a fairer chance for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." That was what made him always interested in the problems of minority groups and of any group which was at a disadvantage.

As the war clouds gathered and the inevitable involvement of this country became more evident, his objective was always to deal with the problems of the war, political and military, so that eventually an organization might be built to prevent future wars.

Any man in public life is bound, in the course of years, to create certain enemies. But when he is gone his main objectives stand out clearly, and one may hope that a spirit of unity may arouse the people and their leaders to a complete understanding of his objectives and a determination to achieve those objectives themselves.

Abraham Lincoln was taken from us before he had achieved unity within the nation, and his people failed him. This divided us as a nation for many years.

Woodrow Wilson was also stricken and, in that instance, the peoples of the world failed to carry out his vision.

PERHAPS, in His wisdom, the Almighty is trying to show us that a leader may chart the way, may point out the road to lasting peace, but that many leaders and many peoples must do the building. It cannot be the work of one man, nor can the responsibility be laid upon his shoulders, and so, when the time comes for peoples to assume the burden more fully, he is given rest.

God grant that we may have the wisdom and courage to build a peaceful world with justice and opportunity for all peoples the world over.

These Americans, crowding at the White House gates, were among millions who grieved for the dead Preside

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Morgan Hoyt reads a letter from friend FDR.

ories as they waited for the train. "In the old days," they kept saying, "in the old days. . . ."

Thomas Pendell, owner and publisher of the Beacon *Light*, the town weekly and one of the oldest Democratic papers in Dutchess County, said he had known Franklin D. Roosevelt all his life. In the old days, he said, his father, Robert Pendell, used to talk politics with the young Democrat from Hyde Park.

"We used to have a farm on the corner of Violet Avenue and Dorsey Lane, just about six miles from the Roosevelt farm," Thomas Pendell said. "Young Roosevelt would ride down on his horse, and he and my father would talk politics. Later, after he bought one of the first autos in Dutchess County, he would drive down on a Sunday and take my mother for a ride. They had a standing joke between them. They both would pretend they were courting. It was funny with nine of us kids running around the farm."

Jimmy Dondero, who runs the Dondero candy store on Spring Valley Road with his brother Eddie, remembers things too. His family has owned the store for 50 years, and the young bloods of Dutchess County used to meet there to argue politics. The boys would sit on orange crates, Jimmy said, and gab. The boys were Franklin Roosevelt, Ferd and Morg Hoyt, Jim Meyer, Ed Perkins and young Jimmy Forrestal, who is Secretary of the Navy now.

"Franklin Roosevelt was always asking questions," Jimmy Dondero said. "When the boys would get into an argument he would just listen to both sides, say nothing and then, when it was through, ask more questions. One day he came down here by himself and sat with my brother Ed and I. He began asking those questions and finally I says to him, 'Why are you always asking so many questions?'

"He laughed and said, 'Well, Jimmy, the only way a man can find out what the people want and think is to ask them.' I guess that's what he did down there in Washington. He found out what the people wanted and gave it to them."

Old Sam Middleton said he had never thought much of young Roosevelt's politics. Sam has been a bedrock Republican for the 70-some years of his life.

"I remember him when he was a kid," Old Sam said, "and he used to visit with the gang that used to hang out in the town cops office at the jail house on Bank Square. I guess he was about 17 then. He would stay there, blowing steam off his belly, until the wee hours. Many's the night there was just old Ted Moith, the night watchman, and young Roosevelt left. I never liked his politics, but I'll say this for him: He was a great gentleman and a good Roosevelt."

Morgan Hoyt, who always introduced Franklin Roosevelt when he came to Beacon to speak, had the most of all to say. Morg is 82 now, and he and young Roosevelt were fast friends, he said, from the time Morg stumped the county for the Hyde Park Democrat back in 1910. They kept up a steady correspondence through the years.

Morg's last letter from his old friend came just after the President returned from Yalta. The letter, addressed "Dear Morg," read:

"Now that I have returned from my trip overseas, I can tell you that I have received a real thrill from your letter of January 25. Those were good days that you recall—that 1910 campaign, the Sheehan fight, and all the other things that went to make life interesting. As you well observe, those tranquil days are a far cry from the present but the comparison helps us to see things in their due proportion.

"I still say, thank God for the old days and for old and tried friends like you."

"There were a lot of things about that first campaign," Morgan Hoyt said, "that showed then the kind of fellow he would turn out to be. A fellow named Harry Yawkey had the first automobile in Dutchess County and we decided it would be a good idea to stump the county in the contraption.

"One day we were up in the Cove—that's up the valley—young Roosevelt, Ed Perkins and myself, and we ran over a farmer's dog. Ed and I decided to get the hell out of there as soon as possible. But young Roosevelt insisted we go up and tell the farmer about the dog. The Cove in those days had some of the orneriest Republicans in the county and we tried to talk him out of it. But he had his way.

"Ed and I expected to get chased off the farm with a shotgun, but when Franklin told him the news the old farmer smiled and said, 'I've had six dogs killed on this farm and you are the first culprit that owned up to it. Young man, I'm going to vote for you.'"

The sun had pushed over the mountains and its light flooded the whole valley. By 8 o'clock everybody in Beacon seemed to be at the railroad station. The crowd was quiet, except for a curly-haired baby who was crying. A low rumbling came from around the bend and the crowd stirred. The curly-haired baby stopped crying.

The train puffed around Beacon Bend. It came slowly through the station, each coach making a melancholy, wind-swishing sound as it passed. In no time at all the train was out of sight, going on to Hyde Park, 19 miles away. Harold Brilliant, the town cop, stayed in the station after the crowd had left. For a long time he said nothing. Then Harold took off his cap and scratched his head.

"He's gone," the town cop said.

—Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

Sam Middleton remembered Roosevelt as a boy.

GIs Overseas

BEFORE the news came over the radio from San Francisco, the GIs in the Eighth Army casual camp in the Philippines were talking mostly about the new adjusted-service-rating cards that two men, fresh from the States, had brought along with their service records and Form 20s. Then an infantryman back from morning chow said that the President had died from a heart attack. Another guy was positive he had been killed in a plane accident on his way to Berlin to sign the peace treaty.

When they got the story straight and realized that it wasn't just another rumor, everybody in the camp was stunned and bewildered.

Pvt. Howard McWatters of Nevada City, Calif., just released from the hospital and waiting to go back to the Americal Division, shook his head slowly. "Roosevelt made a lot of mistakes," he said. "But I think he did the best he could, and when he made mistakes he usually admitted it. Nobody could compare with him as President."

Pfc. David Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a railroad man in civilian life and a tank gunner in the Army, said, "Now I suppose the Germans and Japs will think they'll get something weaker than unconditional surrender. I suppose they identified Roosevelt with our country so long that they think Roosevelt is America."

There was more talk about the dead President and the new one. Somebody remarked that when you were in a casual camp in the Philippines, you were pretty far away from things. Then gradually the conversation swung back toward the adjusted-service-rating cards, and an argument started about demobilization points.

In Rome the Allied Command closed its places of amusement and the Italian officials shut down the civilian movies, the schools, the banks and the opera. "I came out of my tent this morning," said Pfc. Fred Carlson of New York City, and the 1st Replacement Depot, "and I saw the flag at half mast. I asked who was dead. Then they told me. I hope it won't work out like when we lost Wilson after the last war."

Pvt. A. J. Smith of Naperville, Ill., an MP in Rome, was in the President's motorcycle escort when he visited Oran in 1943. "I stood very close when he came down the gangplank from the *Iowa*," he said. "He looked tired and aged then."

A Navy lifeguard spread the news among the GIs and sailors on Waikiki Beach in Honolulu. Most of them walked into the exclusive Outrigger Canoe Club, which is ordinarily reserved for members only, and sat silently by the radio in their swim suits, listening to the reports of what had happened in Warm Springs.

At Payne Field, the big ATC base near Cairo, Cpl. George Patcheck of Chicago was reading the story in the Middle East *Stars and Stripes* while he waited for customers at the information desk in the terminal building. Cpl. O. H. Seals of Morristown, N. J., was looking over his shoulder.

"It happens to everybody," Seals said. "The big ones, too."

"But he was an awful smart guy," Patcheck said.

"Sure," Seals said. "But he's not the only smart guy. We've got others. Lots of them."

Sgt. Bob Bouwsma was reading the final item of the 5 o'clock newscast in the Armed Forces Radio Service station in Panama when Cpl. Reuben Diaz, the station's Spanish announcer, handed him the flash. GIs hearing it at supper in the mess halls didn't believe it at first. Then the station's phone started to ring. Sgt. Jim Weathers would pick it up and say, "Yes, it's true." "Yes, it's true," he said to each call. "Yes, it's true."

In London, the British civilians lost their traditional restraint. They stopped American soldiers on the street to tell them how sorry they were, how much the President had done for Britain and for the world. They talked about his trade of the over-age destroyers for their Western Hemisphere bases, about lend-lease, about the times they had cheered him in the newsreels.

Sgt. Nelson Endicott of Los Angeles, Calif., an Eighth Air Force tail gunner, was walking toward Piccadilly Circus with some of the men from his crew. A Canadian soldier stopped them and said, "I see you guys lost your boss." "I thought for a while it was Ike," said Sgt. Nelson.

Cpl. Helen M. Korsyne of Philadelphia, Pa., a Wac attached to Eighth Air Force Headquarters, heard it from the landlady at a boarding house in London. The landlady said she wouldn't have felt worse if it had been Churchill or the King.

Cpl. Louis Schier of Chicago, Ill., an armored division artilleryman just back in England from the German front, said it was like the loss of the major who had command of his task force. "I was just a hundred yards away when they killed him with a machine pistol," Schier said. "'We had a tough time after that pulling ourselves together. It's the same way with all of us now that FDR is dead."

In Sydney, Australia, Sgt. Lloyd P. Stallings of San Antonio, Tex., said, "I came down here to have a good time, but now I don't feel so cheerful."

Pvt. J. D. Cotter of the Australian Army said, "Wish I knew more about this new bloke."

Outside the Grand Hotel in Paris, Pfc. Lester Rebuck, a medic from the 104th Division, said: "It was just like somebody socked me in the stomach when I wasn't looking. I just couldn't get it through my head he was really dead. For my money, that guy was one of the greatest guys that ever lived. You can put him next to Lincoln or Washington or anybody."

—YANK Staff Correspondents

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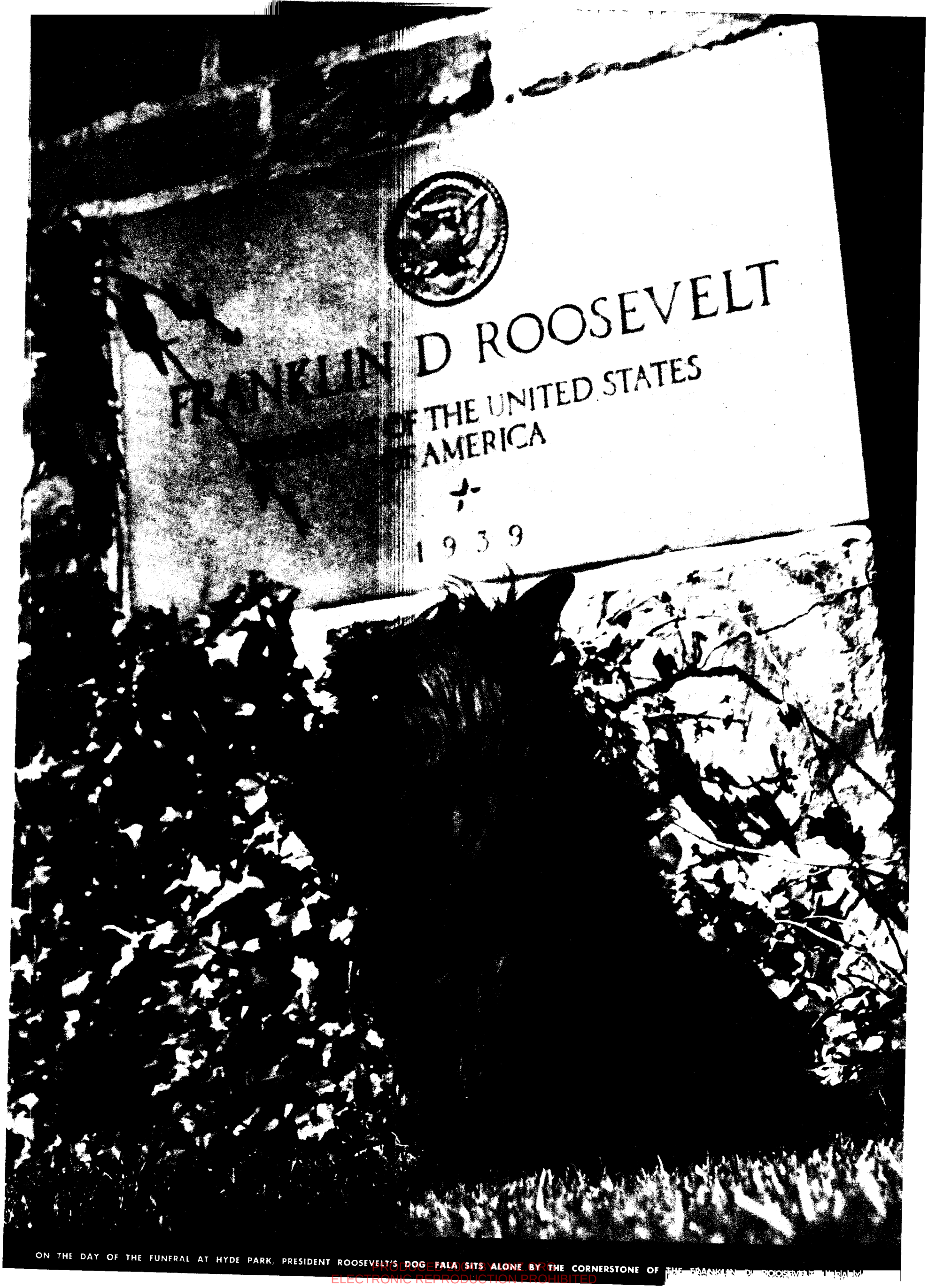

ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL AT HYDE PARK, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DOG FALA SITS ALONE BY THE CORNERSTONE OF THE FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT LIBRARY

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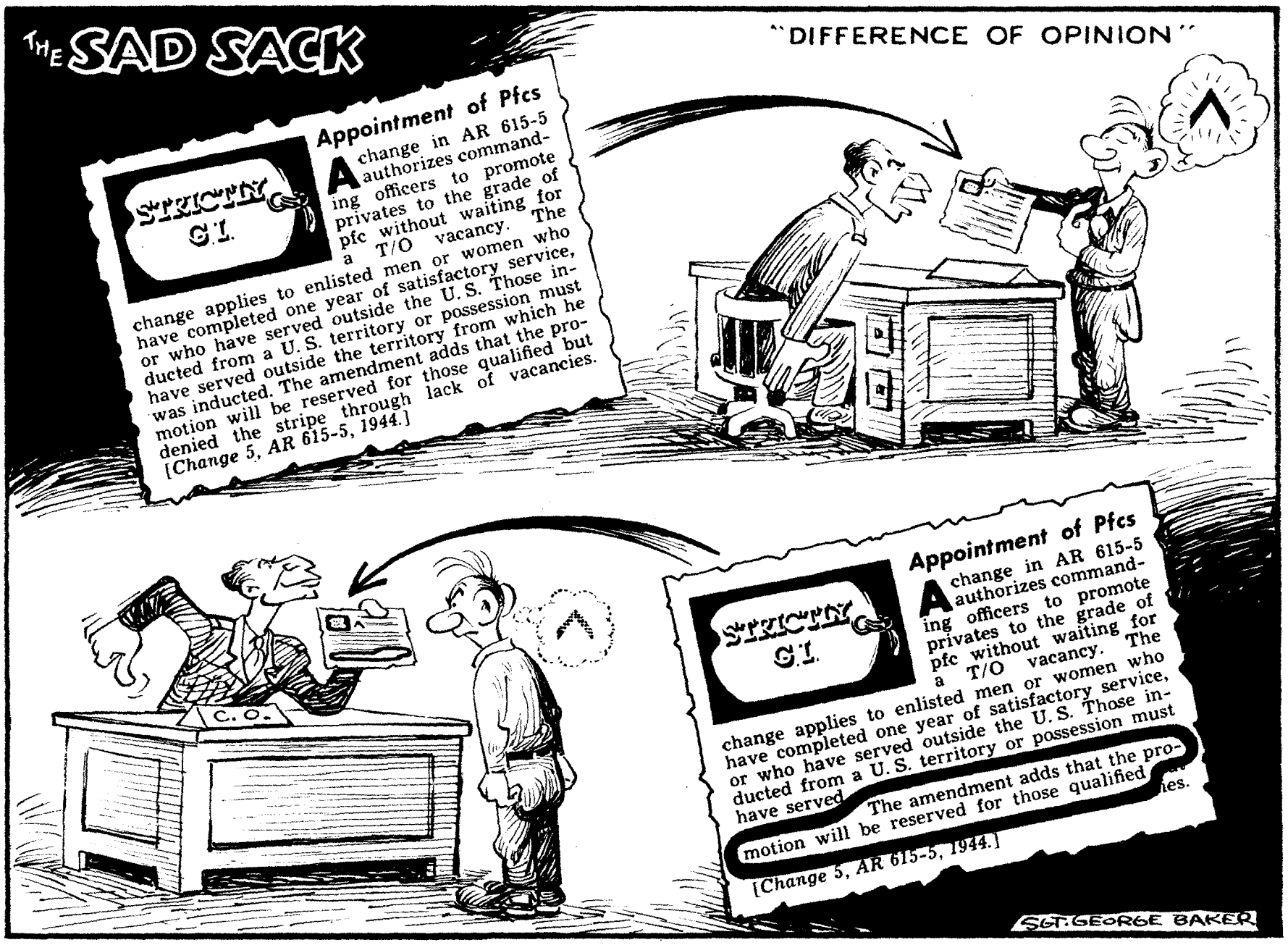

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Discharged Husbands

Dear YANK:

My husband was wounded in the battle for the Rhine and has been shipped back to the States for hospitalization. I am told that his wounds are such that he will be discharged after a few months of treatment. If that happens he will certainly need me at home to look after him. Can a Wac get a discharge under such circumstances?

Britain —T/Sgt. MILDRED C. McKEE

■ If your husband is discharged for physical reasons as the result of combat wounds you may be able to get a discharge to take care of him. To get such a discharge you will need a doctor's certificate stating that your presence at home is desirable for his health and morale.

Free Schooling

Dear YANK:

Just before I was inducted into the Army I received a four-year scholarship to one of our leading universities. They even promised me they would hold it for me until I get back. I would very much like to study medicine, which is an eight-year course.

Is it possible for me to use this scholarship for my first four years of pre-med and use the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights four years later to cover my medical education?

France —Cpl. C. M. HAAYEN

■ You may be able to take advantage of both your scholarship and the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. You need not start taking advantage of the educational benefits of the law until two years after your discharge or two years after the end of the war, whichever date is later. In this regard you should remember that the first World War did not officially end until July of 1921. Therefore you may have lots of time to take advantage of the law and there even is a possibility that you will be able to use up the entire four-year scholarship before applying for the GI Bill benefits.

Job Rights

Dear YANK:

My brother was in the office of a general agent of a large insurance company for over 15 years. He entered the Army in 1943 and has been overseas since April 1944. Because he had a large clientele, my mother (age 65) was authorized by the general agent to carry on in my brother's place. Since then a new general agent has taken over and made a lot of changes, firing old employees etc. He told my mother he would keep her on, not because her son was in service, but because she was doing a good job.

Does the law protect my brother in any way? Can my mother carry on his business or can this agent fire her at any time?

Holland —M/Sgt. FRED KAHN

■ The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, which offers job protection to men in service, does not extend that protection to the person who replaces the soldier. While the insurance company can fire your mother whenever it wants to, that will in no way affect your brother's right to his old job. If he applies for the job within 90 days after he is discharged, he should get it back or a job of like status and seniority.

Surviving Sons

Dear YANK:

My mother tells me that she read in one of the papers where it is now possible for a son to request that he be shipped back to the States if he has lost a brother in the war. I tried to check this with my local command and have been told that it sounds like another civilian rumor. My brother was killed in the Philippines. Can I get shipped back to the States under that ruling?

India —(Name Withheld)

■ You can not. The War Department statement was that the sole surviving son of a family that had lost two or more sons in the war could be returned to the States. However, where such a man is engaged in nonhazardous duty overseas he may be kept at his overseas assignment.

Retirement Pay

Dear YANK:

Some of the men in this outfit insist that National Guard time counts toward retirement pay. They say that a guy could sign up in the National Guard, drill one night a week for 30 years and at the end of that time retire on a Federal pension. Some others say a guy could count his National Guard time toward retirement so that if he drilled for 15 years he would only need 15 more years in the Army to be able to retire on a pension. Is either of them right?

Philippines —S/Sgt. E. PATTEN

■ Neither group is correct. Time served in the National Guard counts toward longevity pay but it does *not* count toward retirement pay.

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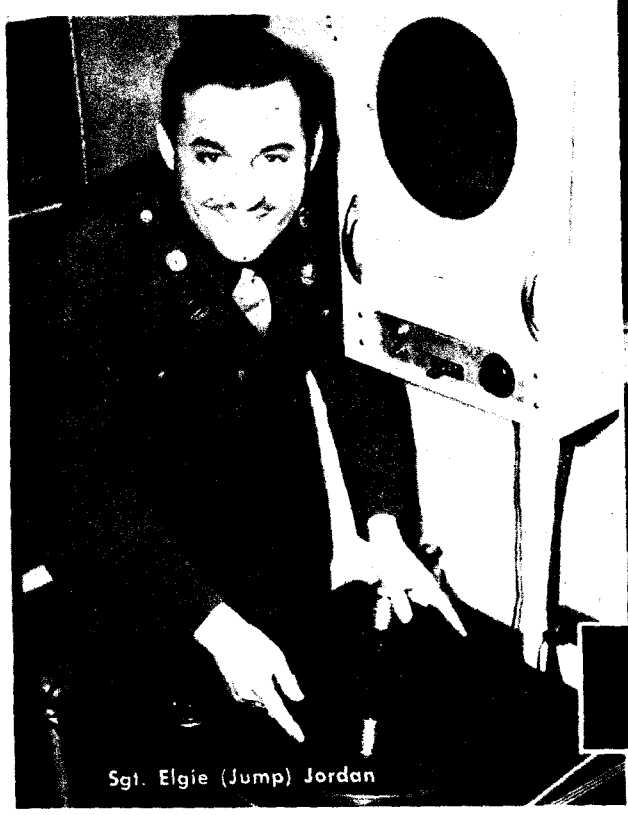

Sgt. Elgie (Jump) Jordan

CAMP NEWS

Irving Popik

Jump Jordan Dishes Out Jive on Platters

Grenier Field, N. H.—"The Jump Jordan Swing Club" is a jazz program that's jivin'.

When Elgie (Jump) Jordan, a Grenier Field sergeant with a head cocked in the direction of swing music, got the idea of combining his free time with a schoolboy hobby, a good hot jazz program was conceived for station WFEA in Manchester, N. H.

"The Jump Jordan Swing Club" program goes out from WFEA every other Saturday night between 1830 and 1845 and attracts terrific fan mail. It consists of jazz records from Jump's own collection of more than 5,000 dating back to his civilian days in Akron, Ohio. All swing artists of the jazz world are represented, and a War Bond plug is given during each program.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Upton, N. Y.—Pfc. Alfred Palca, a medic in the ASF hospital here, had no shoes to display under his bunk for a Saturday inspection, so he borrowed a friend's pair. He got gigged at the inspection for unshined shoes.

Camp Shelby, Miss.—In its 27 months of operation, the bank on this post, operated by the First National Bank of Hattiesburg, Miss., has passed quite a few million dollars over the counter to GIs yet only two checks have been charged off as dead losses.

Camp Hood, Tex.—There's a grandfather among the trainees of Company B, 152d Infantry Replacement Training Battalion. Pvt. Custer Whisenhunt of Baton Rouge, La., though only 37, has two grandchildren. His son-in-law, the father of his grandchildren, is a staff sergeant in the AAF and a prisoner of war in Germany.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—"To think," moaned one of the two Blanding GIs weeping into their three-point-two over the faithlessness of women, "she took my allotment checks and spent 'em on another guy." "That's nothing," said the other, a pfc, dolefully. "Mine went out with a sergeant until I told her I was getting captain's bars, and now I'm going to have a heck of a time explaining this one stripe."

Laurinburg-Maxton AAB, N. C.—Pvt. Douglas Jones of Sundown, Tex., awaiting overseas orders at the I Troop Carrier Command Base here, commented on the enlarged role of women in the world of today. His bride of a year, WAC Pfc. Virginia Jones, has been stationed in New Guinea with the Troop Carrier Command since last November and was in Australia before that. And Jones added: "I guess she's gonna be a 30-year man." —Cpl. COLIN C. KEMPNER

BATTLE OF BRASS

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—A major in one of the aircraft-warning units on the coast was radioing directions to a fighter pilot who kept replying to his commands with "R-r-roger dodger!" After a few times the major said, "Roger will be sufficient." In spite of his warning the "R-r-roger dodger" continued. Finally the major bellowed: "This is Maj. Lane. I said, 'Roger would be sufficient.'" The voice from the plane replied: "R-r-roger dodger, you old codger. I'm a major too." —S Sgt. BERT BRILLER

JINNIE JEEP. WAC Sgt. Adelaide Lockhart got the title last fall from admirers at Drew Field, Tampa, Fla., where she's stationed.

Fort Worth AAF, Tex.—Home-town newspapers are No. 1 on the preference list of patients at the post hospital of this field, according to Pvt. Lucille Gordon of New York, librarian. More than 20 papers from well-selected geographical areas help satisfy convalescents with a craving for home-town news. Pvt. Gordon also reports that most returned combat men, many of whom have seen many corners of the world, prefer travel books.

Esler Field, La.—The men were all smiles at the end of a recent review of the units of the 1st Tactical Air Division. The reason was an order of the day announced by Brig. Gen. Ford L. Fair, commanding general of the division, which read in part: "In order to promote the comradeship . . . and good will which has always prevailed within this command, it is suggested that at the conclusion of this ceremony all individuals repair to their respective organizational areas where they will find sufficient ice-cold beer . . . to remove all traces of dust and dryness which possibly might have been contracted during the ceremony." —Cpl. RANDOLPH J. WISE

Combat Engineer Makes Dresses for Wife

Camp Swift, Tex.—Ask Pvt. Irving Popik what he's going to do with his next three-day pass and he'll tell you the same thing he did last time, "Make a new dress for my wife." Stocky, ruddy-faced Popik looks the part of the combat engineer that he is, but give him a sewing machine, some materials and a little time and he can turn out feminine creations that are far from the world of the rugged engineers.

Popik startled the people of the Austin (Tex.) USO the first time he went in and asked to use a sewing machine. But soon their surprise turned to admiration for his work.

"There's really nothing so strange about making clothes for my wife," he says. "I've made them for her ever since I met her."

Popik came to the United States from Poland in 1939. He settled in New York City, and before he entered the Army he operated a design shop there that, he estimates, turned out an average of 500 fashions a year.

He takes the ribbing of his buddies at Camp Swift good-naturedly. "Sewing is fun," he maintains. "But that's where my talents end. I can't cook worth a darn."

Came the Dawn Too Soon

Dibble General Hospital, Menlo Park, Calif.—It was around midnight, and everything was quiet in the WAC barracks. Suddenly a light was turned on, a door opened and a bustle of activity began. The commanding officer was welcoming a new arrival. Then lights began to flash on all over the place. A drowsy private emerged from a room, toothbrush in hand and towel over arm. She started down the hall.

"Where do you think you're going?" the CO demanded.

"Why, to work, ma'am, of course," the private answered.

It didn't take much to convince her she still had seven hours of sleep before duty began.

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"Why does an SS man like you surrender?" Bauer asked. The German stopped short. Then he stepped forward and spat out a serie

GI Radio Station

IT'S A NEW WEAPON OF WAR

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

LUXEMBOURG [Delayed]—The German medic lieutenant had been captured just a few minutes before, near Ubach in Germany, and he was still sullen and battle-jumpy. He was taken into a garage near the battalion CP. T-4 Fred Bauer of Hollywood, Calif., was waiting for him with a recording machine.

"What is your name, rank and serial number?" asked Bauer in perfect German.

The German told him.

"Why does an *SS* man like you surrender?" Bauer asked quietly.

The German stopped short. Then he stepped forward and spat out a series of short, ugly Teutonic words.

Bauer, a patient young man who had been cut off ahead of the Infantry at Aachen and who had spoken to Nazi Col. "Madman" von Aulock for 12 days through a loudspeaker at St. Malo, let the German medical officer rage on. Then he said softly, "Do you know, *Herr Leutnant*, German doctors like you are even bigger war criminals than the Gestapo in Poland? The Gestapo killed foreigners. You declare the lame, the halt and the blind fit for military service. And in that way you kill your own people."

At the mention of the words "war criminal," the Nazi lieutenant stared. Then he began to break down. "It wasn't I," he said. "I tell you it wasn't I. I knew those men weren't fit to be soldiers. But the Party told me to do it. My God, what can a man do in Germany these days if the Party gives him orders?" He went on like that for about 10 minutes, cursing the Nazi Party for Germany's ills.

When the German was finished, Bauer thanked him for his co-operation and flicked a switch turning off the recording machine that had been on throughout the interview. That night the recording of the Nazi medical officer's outburst against the Nazi Party was broadcast over Radio Luxembourg to every corner of the Greater Reich.

Radio Luxembourg is one of the chief links of the Army's Pychological Warfare Division. Before the war, it was the second most powerful commercial radio station in the world. It blanketed Europe with a broadcast strength of 120,000 watts. Just by way of comparison, the biggest stations in the United States, like WJZ, New York; WGN, Chicago, and KFI, Los Angeles, are all 50,000-watters.

In the German counteroffensive of December, the station transmitter was one of the objectives of the Von Rundstedt push down through northern Luxembourg. On the first Sunday a German tank column got to within four miles of the station. On Monday, strong infantry, ack-ack and antitank detachments around the station were reinforced, and the enemy was driven beyond his starting point. On Tuesday the transmitter went off the air for technical reasons. It came back on Saturday, but in the meantime the Germans did some broadcasting on practically the same wave length from a station in Germany. This led the BBC to announce that Radio Luxembourg had been captured. This was never true. The psychological impact of the recapture of the station was so important to the Germans that they went to all lengths to fake it.

TODAY the station still sends out its signal at 120,000 watts. It is picked up by the small People's radio receiver, distributed by the Nazi Party, which reposes in every good German home, and it can't be jammed because it is practically inside Germany itself. So the U. S. Army is running the station now, allowing a small detachment of Psychological Warfare officers and GIs (many of them born in Germany) to continue to provide inspiring entertainment for the German soldiers and *Hausfrauen* who have been listening to the station for years.

They provided good entertainment for the people of Aachen during the siege of that city. There was excellent music and news. And every half hour announcers Norbert Gruenfeld and T/Sgt. Klaus Brill would get on the air and say, "You now have 12 hours and 30 minutes before your city is blown to pieces," "you now have exactly 11 hours before your city is blown to pieces," and so on. This was after the ultimatum to surrender had been read over the station. It was, of course, impossible for the civilians to surrender, but the constant verbal hammering made a symbol of Aachen.

On another occasion two German soldiers were picked up by a pair of alert GIs near Nancy. The Germans wore civilian clothes. They had been sent into our lines to spy. Radio Luxembourg sent an announcer, K. V. Hagen, and a GI crew down to cover the trial and execution. It was a beautiful play-by-play description. Hagen portrayed the grim prison courtyard. Then he interviewed the two men. Both gave a last message to their families. They said they had had a fair trial with an interpreter and that they had had an American full colonel defending them. They proclaimed that they didn't know the penalty for what they had done was death and that their officers had neglected to tell them. They warned their fellow soldiers against doing likewise. Then Hagen described the men being tied to stakes. There was the click of rifle bolts, the hoarse yell of the American lieutenant giving commands in English, the volley and the echo of rifle fire. It was pretty grim.

All this is tactical. It is a front-line weapon which causes Germans to surrender and saves American lives.

But there is genuine entertainment too. Most of it is listening bait. There is good American

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music for music-hungry Europe. And there is even a comic character named Tom Jones, who is becoming sort of a Central European Bob Hope. T-5 Tom Jones is supposed to be a typical American GI from Wisconsin. He speaks German with an atrocious American accent (principally because the man who plays the part learned his German at Concordia Institute, near Larchmont, N. Y.). Every night at 2015 he rattles on about his home life in the U. S. and his girl sending him a lemon cake, and about what he found in a captured German mail sack. Every once in a while he drops in a biting gag, such as: "Do you know there are only two ways to get a furlough in the *Volkssturm* [the German Home Guard]? For your baptism and for your golden-wedding anniversary."

The Germans eat this stuff up. The mythical Tom Jones receives dozens of fan letters a week from liberated German-speaking areas. Since there are no mails, all of these letters are delivered by hand. When Strasbourg was taken T-5 Carl Princie of Boston, Mass., was stopped on the streets and asked if he were Tom Jones. Civilians in Luxembourg, Eupen and Aachen go around whistling "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along," Tom's theme song, and the Luxembourg newspaper, the *Luxemburger Wurt*, has been deluged with requests to print the words to the Artillery tune. A German school official in Eupen wrote a literary masterpiece to the station, explaining why he no longer felt himself obliged to subscribe to his oath to Hitler. The letter was addressed to Tom Jones.

DURING the four years of German occupation, Radio Luxembourg was used as part of the Nazis' big propaganda network. It fell into our hands, almost intact, in a strange way. When the American avalanche tore across France and Belgium after the big summer break-through, the Germans began to evacuate the city of Luxembourg. Before they left they called in a Luxembourg engineer whom they had forced to work for them. "How can we destroy the station?" they asked. "Shoot holes in the transmitter tubes," said the Luxembourger, "and the station will be off the air for six months." This the Germans did, plus extensive demolitions in the studios and master control.

On September 10 the advance echelons of an American task force rolled into town. With the first tanks was a U. S. civilian technical advisor, Morrie Pierce, chief radio engineer of the Psychological Warfare Division. He immediately contacted Metty Felton, a Luxembourger, formerly chief engineer of the station, who had been hiding out with the Luxembourg underground. Together they set out for the transmitter, a few miles out of town.

For days the Germans controlled the high ground commanding the station, and once they counterattacked right back to the edge of Luxembourg. But they never fired a round at the transmitter. Up to the last minute they expected to take it back.

In the meantime the Luxembourg engineer who had told the Germans to shoot holes in the tubes came up with a whole new set of tubes he had buried in his garden four years before. John Peyser, formerly of NBC, arrived to take over technical control of the station. Luxembourg's top construction engineers, men like Edmond Ferring, showed up too. They repaired the transmitter and began to rebuild three of the bomb-blasted studios. The GIs arrived, and while everyone worked, Pfc. John Audia of Chicago, Ill., the driver, shuttled back and forth to the town bringing rations and supplies. Finally, at 1845 the evening of September 22, exactly 12 days after the entry into Luxembourg, Peyser got up before a microphone in a tiny, tan-painted, stripped-down studio.

"This is Radio Luxembourg," he said. "This is Radio Luxembourg. . . . Radio Luxembourg returns to the air a free station, with programs of the United Nations." Peyser repeated the announcement in German and French.

Today the men of the Psychological Warfare detachment are spread far and wide to keep the station operating as a tactical weapon. T/Sgt. Stefan Heym went into the Karl-Alexander coal mine near Ubach to interview the German miners now working for us there. He almost got killed by shellfire, but he got a good show that was put to excellent use in the "Don't Sabotage" campaign. The idea of this campaign was to convey this message to the Germans: "Destroy your mines and your factories, and you go without jobs. Destroy your power plants, and you go without light, not us. We carry our own."

There are small recording teams out all the time, with each of the armies. Their big recording trucks often go into jeep-only territory to interview prisoners of war before the shock of capture wears off. A classic broadcast was made on a hill outside of Aachen when a young German theology student, watching shells destroy his home with his parents in it, launched a terrible tirade against the German Army, political leaders and industrialists. Another time Sgt. Bauer caught three old German ladies just as they were being released from a newly liberated concentration camp. They were singing a pathetic, hate-filled song they had composed about their captivity. In addition to these special hauls the detachments make hundreds of prisoners-of-war recordings which say simply: "Hello, Ma! I'm safe. I'm a prisoner of the Americans." These are used in other programs as bait to attract listeners.

These first-hand interviews with German prisoners are not recorded by trickery. No recordings are made for broadcast purposes without the prisoner's full knowledge and consent. A prisoner's name is never used without his permission and, even then, is not used if it might cause reprisals on his family and friends still under Nazi domination.

From Luxembourg, GIs of the Army's Psychological Warfare Branch broadcast programs that help crack Nazi home-front morale.

BESIDES producing the radio shows, the PWD men in Luxembourg turn out leaflets and three newspapers in German. They understand the German mentality perfectly. They are well-known American newspapermen, like civilian Richard Hanser, or anti-Nazi German and Austrian newspapermen long since thrown out of the Reich and now American citizens, like T-3 Jules Bond, T-5 Otto Brand and T/Sgt. Hans Burger, who got the Bronze Star for bringing in 18 prisoners in Normandy.

T/Sgt. Stefan Heym cut quite a figure in the journalistic and literary world before he enlisted in 1943. As editor of the violently anti-Nazi New York German-language newspaper, *Deutsches Volksecho*, he helped crack the German-American Bund wide open, and his sensational articles helped to convict Fritz Kuhn and several other members of the Bund as embezzlers or Nazi spies. Then he wrote the best-seller, "Hostages," which later become a movie in which Paul Lukas and Luise Rainer appeared. After that he went into the Signal Corps and was transferred to Psychological Warfare.

Capt. Hans Habe, head of the editorial department, is the author of "Kathrine" and "A Thousand Shall Fall," which became "The Cross of Lorraine" on the screen. At the age of 18 he became an editor of Vienna's largest newspaper, *Der Morgen*, and it was he who dug up the photostatic evidence and first broke the story that Hitler's real name is Schickelgruber.

In 1939 Habe enlisted in the French Army as a private. He became a squad sergeant in charge of an infantry scouting detail and was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for bravery during the battle of France. He was captured by the Germans, posed as a Frenchman, escaped and got into the U. S. on a special visa issued by President Roosevelt to 180 famous European anti-Nazis.

In 1943 Habe enlisted in the U. S. Army. He became a tech sergeant in the new Psychological Warfare Division and went to North Africa for the Battle of Tunisia. There he wrote leaflets in the battalion CPs and was awarded a battlefield commission. He made the initial landings in Sicily with the 45th Division and sweated out the Salerno landings with the 531st Combat Engineers. He came in at H-plus-40-minutes. By 0900 he had interrogated his first German prisoners. By 2100 his first leaflets had been printed, way back in Tunis, and had been dropped on the German troops facing him. At Salerno he lived 48 days in the same foxhole. When this present Psychological Warfare detachment was formed for the invasion of Normandy, Habe was a natural to head it up.

I sat in on one of the daily morning conferences of the editorial staff of the station, in which the material at hand is discussed. Capt. Habe handed out the assignments. Then he said: "Just two more items of interest, gentlemen. On the Third Army front the Germans have been dropping leaflets on their own troops describing Psychological Warfare as the Allied secret weapon and threatening anyone caught listening to our broadcasts with long prison terms. On the First Army front we have captured an order signed by a German divisional commander. The order offers two months furlough at home to any German patrol that can filter through the American lines and blow up the transmitter of Radio Luxembourg."

There was a moment of silence after this. Then someone chuckled. Then Heym said: "Why the silly, stupid, thick-skulled bastards!"

The funny thing was that he said it in German.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

THE body of our late President and Commander in Chief is borne along Washington's Constitution Avenue toward the White House. His flag-draped coffin is carried on a caisson drawn by six white horses. The picture is by YANK photographer Sgt. John Frano.

PHOTO CREDITS, Cover—Sgt. John Frano. 2—PA. 3—Upper left, INP; right second from bottom, Acme; others, PA. 4 & 5—Acme & INP. 6—Pvt. George Aarons. 7, 10 & 11—Sgt. Frano. 12—Sgt. Art Weithas. 13—Army News Service. 15—Upper left, PRO, Grenier Field, N. H.; upper right, PRO, War Department; center, PRO, Drew Field, Fla. 17—167th Signal Photo Company. 19—Acme. 20 & 21—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 22—Warner Bros. 23—Sgt. Frano.

Mail Call

"Silly Servicemen"

Dear YANK:

I'm wondering if Pvt. Joseph Miller, whose letter on "Silly Servicemen" appeared recently in *Mail Call*, will ever be jolted from beneath his wet-blanket attitude. He implies that the two servicemen who participated in the program "Ladies Be Seated" by sucking milk from nippled bottles acted disrespectfully toward their respective branches of the service. Unless Joe is an old Army man, he realizes that he and most of us are merely civilians in uniform, anyway, and if a man sees fit to do these things as a civilian, why not as a GI? He's still the same man. After all, if sucking milk through a nipple provides a source of enjoyment for people and calls for a 50-buck bonus in addition, then I say let's have more. What's the harm in it? I don't recall an AR which states that a long-faced mask must be worn with GI tans. . . .

Sedalia AAF, Mo. —Sgt. GEORG D. MILLER

Dear YANK:

. . . A great many radio programs give a serviceman preference over the civilians, not because they are trying to make a monkey out of them, but because they know that no enlisted personnel are getting overpaid. I think that we in the service should feel grateful to the radio shows who give us the opportunity to make a little extra cash. . . .

Blackland AAF, Tex. —Sgt. L. A. CHASE

Dear YANK:

. . . As for his reference to the "old bags" who sit in the audience and watch, well, I think my mother and a lot of other soldiers' mothers are entitled to forget their troubles also in this war-weary world. If watching a couple of soldiers supposedly make fools out of themselves will make them forget, then I'll gladly make a fool out of myself to help them. . . .

Besides, for 50 bucks I'd stand on my head and wiggle my bare toes in the air.

Chanute Field, Ill. —Pvt. L. CHAVAK

Dear YANK:

. . . If he does not care to listen to them, it only takes a simple twist of the wrist to turn the dial, and we are sure that no one twisted his arm to get him in the studio and then locked the doors. We had much rather have our sweethearts or, in our case, our wives participating in a program of that kind than we would have them in some roadside hotspot, jitterbugging or even waltzing with one of his kind. . . .

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. EVERETTI S. ORRELL*

*Also signed by T-5 Donald W. June.

Dear YANK:

. . . We think it would be a good idea if Pvt. Miller would take off his tails, put aside his opera glasses, come down to earth, get in the fun and enjoy life like a regular American.

—JOHN TURCOVSKY SM3c*

ATB, Little Creek, Va.

*Also signed by Donald Balvin SM2c.

Yes Sir, Lieutenant

Dear YANK:

For some time now I've been reading gripes from the enlisted men concerning discrimination against enlisted men in favor of officers. Complaints have ranged from "the colonel has an entire roll of toilet paper while I only have nine sheets" to "I'm a college-educated man and that officer who was probably a gas station attendant in civilian life put me on guard duty for failing to salute." Frankly, gentlemen, it's getting very monotonous. Legitimate gripes I favor, as that's the purpose of your column, but I think these trivial gripes are too much.

Four years ago I was farsighted enough to see World War II in the offing and enlisted. (No, I don't have a draft number, and yes, I did have something better to do—a college-sponsored education.) I peeled my share of potatoes for $21 a month but always with an eye to the future. Admittedly rank has its privileges and I determined to share same. If enlisted men resent these privileges, let me remind them that the recruiting offices have been open eight hours a day for the past 50 years at least. Or perhaps the brilliant Phi Beta resents being commanded by a high-school educated lieutenant. I've seen some brilliant bookworms that couldn't have sparked a football team worth a damn. This is a war, not a board of directors having tea. The Army wants fighters, not college professors, theorists and dreamers.

When the Army was clamoring for officer candidates, aviation cadets, glider pilots, etc., everyone had their chance. I took mine and worked hard for my wings and bars. I emphatically do not appreciate derogatory remarks about myself and fellow officers.

France —2d Lt. JOHN L. LOWDEN

Tax Suggestions

Dear YANK:

While reading the latest poop on our staggering national debt and the tax measures that will be necessary to pay it off, it struck me that the guys who fight this war shouldn't have to pay for it too. So how about a lifetime income-tax exemption for combat veterans, something like $1,000 per annum for Infantry and $500 for FA, Medics, Engineers and the rest.

I have seen the unimaginable suffering of the dogface and feel that the nation should make some effort to discharge the invaluable debt it owes him. The magazines at home now admit that the Infantry works hard and Uncle Sam kicks in that dandy $10 bonus, but ask a tanker or a TD man or anyone who operates up front whether he's willing to shoulder a part of the doughface's income tax. You're damn right he is, and so should be the rear-echelon men and the fellows who are dragging down the heavy lettuce back in America. . . .

Belgium —Pfc ROBERT B. ROWON

Dear YANK:

. . . I would give every ex-serviceman who was honorably discharged from service a temporary tax-free period. The extent of the tax-free period would be measured in months. For every month of service with the armed forces, the veteran would be granted one tax-free month. . . .

Italy —Pfc. MURRAY BROWNDORFF

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

In reply to Pfc. Russel I. Warren's letter, I doubting whether a large percentage of men will ever get "a nickel's worth of benefits" from the GI Bill of Rights] I might say that I am just one of some 80-odd veterans attending this college. The dean told me that it is an increase of more than 50 percent over last term.

I am truly grateful for the benefits I have derived from the GI Bill. . . .

—JERRY THOMAS

Oregon State College, Oreg.

K-Ration Candles

Dear YANK:

. . . Why don't they put about two candles in every K-ration, so that at night, when we are fortunate enough to be in billets or places where we can use a light, we will have one? As you know, the artillery plays havoc with all the power lines and we never have any light except a bottle of gasoline, which is very hard on the lungs. We would appreciate it very much if you would use your influence in getting candles put in the K-type of rations.

Luxembourg —Sgt. DON R. BELCHER

■ According to a recent *Mail Call* letter from Pvt. Johnny Marshall in the Philippines, you can make your own candles with a length of string and the wax scraped off three or four K-ration boxes.

First-Hand Info

Dear YANK:

My outfit is one of the new ones in this area, operating off newly established Superfortress bases in the Marianas, but I'll bet we're way ahead of many other outfits when it comes to close cooperation between air-combat crews and ground personnel.

After our last strike at Japan, our CO called a meeting and told us that after each strike the entire group would receive the briefing given the pilots, the weather encountered, navigational problems, type of bomb raid, fighter and flak opposition, photography results and a detailed account from the men who flew that mission. Well, we've had our first one. The fires in Tokyo are still burning at last reports, and we've been officially congratulated by our commanding general for our participation in the raid.

The idea for making each raid by our group a personal affair for each man was the CO's and one that I hope to hear being duplicated by the other groups in the area.

No more waiting for Tokyo Rose's sugared reports. We've first-hand info now, and coming from the lips of men who thank you for keeping those engines running so smoothly, for keeping those guns working and for bringing them back, it has certainly put more pride and energy on our parts into the performance of our jobs.

Marianas —Cpl. M. B. MUNJACK

Why We Fight

Dear YANK:

I get a kick out of the letters telling why we fight. Actually we're fighting for just one thing: to preserve America as a free sovereign nation. The place these social reformers will have to fight for their reforms is in the States at the voting booths. I would like to remind them that ideals are the cheapest things in the world so long as one doesn't have to fight for them. When it becomes necessary to fight for them then they can be the costliest.

I hope and trust that these ideals for which these people wish to fight mean enough to them that they will be willing to pay any price rather than give them up. I hope they are not like politicians, just jumping on the band wagon because idealism is popular right now. It probably won't be a few years from now, and that's when the real fight will begin.

Italy —Capt. EARL E. ALLEN

Dear YANK:

. . . "Why we fight" may be stated in this way: that we are fighting for the total defeat of our enemies in order that we may return to civilian life as soon as possible. Only as civilians can we begin the fight upon the domestic issues that confront us. Certainly every veteran should acquaint himself fully with these issues, as well as problems in relation to foreign nations, for it will be his responsibility in the post-war world to work out their solutions and insure our having a better America and a better world.

I should like to see a discussion concerning this in your columns. For instance, most veterans will have learned to dislike the policies of labor unions and would be in favor of their elimination, but we must realize there is some protection necessary for the common laborer against unscrupulous employers. Could this need be supplied by a national wage-hour law, increased in size and scope, and national laws insuring decent working conditions and safety precautions?

India —Pvt. WILLIAM K. SIMMS

Don't Starve the Japs

Dear YANK:

. . . Pvt. Elson B. Bruce's letter in *Mail Call* suggesting that we spray the ricefields of Japan with motor oil in order to destroy their foodstuffs makes me know that Pvt. Bruce has yet to learn the true meaning of the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

I say punish the Japs, punish them severely, make it impossible for them to commit the act of aggression against our nation or any nation again as long as the world stands and a Jap lives. But let them eat!

The Germans have caused starvation on a large and broad scale in the countries that they have occupied, and much discussion has been allotted to the subject of providing food for those unfortunate countries. Do you agree that this act of brutality on the part of the Germans is the method by which the U. S. should deal with Japan? Shall this, our democratic country, fall victim to such low acts? Would Pvt. Elson V. Bruce want the act of starvation committed against him?

In case anybody is wondering, I am not a Jap sympathizer.

Charleston, S. C. —Pfc. ALLEYNE HENDERSON

More Work

SEND FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF BALTIMORE AND OHIO RR 1940 PENNSYLVANIA RR WIRE COLLECT.

Dalhart, Tex. —Pvt. JOHN B. MILLER

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Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1882-1945

OST of us in the Army have a hard time remembering any President but Franklin D. Roosevelt. We never saw the inside of a speakeasy because he had prohibition repealed before we were old enough to drink. When we were kids during the depression, and the factories and stores were not taking anybody, plenty of us joined his CCCs, and the hard work in the woods felt good after those months of sleeping late and hanging around the house and the corner drug store, too broke to go anywhere and do anything. Or we got our first jobs on his FERA or WPA projects. That seems like a long time ago.

And since then, under President Roosevelt's leadership, we have struggled through 12 years of troubled peace and war, 12 of the toughest and most important years in our country's history. It got so that all over the world his name meant everything that America stood for. It meant hope in London and Moscow and in occupied Paris and Athens. It was sneered at in Berlin and Tokyo. To us wherever we were, in the combat zones or in forgotten supply and guard posts, it meant the whole works—our kind of life and freedom and the necessity for protecting it. We made cracks about Roosevelt and told Roosevelt jokes and sometimes we bitterly criticized his way of doing things. But he was still Roosevelt, the man we had grown up under and the man whom we had entrusted with the staggering respon-

ability of running [illegible]

not only [illegible]

That is why [illegible] these days when death [illegible] had grown accustomed [illegible] and [illegible] on it heavily, as we [illegible] ship[illegible] company commander [illegible] safety [illegible] anything [illegible] loss [illegible] hit us the same way as the loss of a good company commander. It left us a little panic-stricken, a little afraid [illegible]

But the panic and fear didn't last long. We [illegible] out that the survival of our democracy, the safe[illegible] one [illegible] soon under way, the same [illegible] and the same [illegible] and responsibility [illegible] and the men find [illegible] and the company as a [illegible] with the [illegible] and efficiency. That is the way it will be with our government. We were President Roosevelt's [illegible] to carry on [illegible] for the wonderful [illegible] of the war and the [illegible] of the peace. The program for security and peace will [illegible]

Franklin D. Roosevelt's death brings grief but should not [illegible] strength. He [illegible] great hope [illegible]

Com[illegible] chief [illegible] genu[illegible]

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These two GIs of a Jap-hunting patrol found a chicken coop with 15 eggs.

The patrol found another Jap meeting place in the hills and burned it up.

JAP HUNT ON SAIPAN

By Pfc. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAIPAN, THE MARIANAS—Official records list this B-29 base in the Western Pacific as having been "freed from organized enemy resistance" on July 9, 1944, after bitter fighting. Since then over 12,000 Jap troops have been killed on the island and 1,100 more have surrendered.

An island is declared "secured" as soon as it can be used as an operational base against the enemy, but to many infantrymen here the word has another meaning. While B-29s have been taking off on their spectacular missions against the Jap mainland, infantrymen have been slowly securing this "secured" island, regularly sending out patrols against enemy troops scattered about in Saipan's wild, hilly terrain. Twisting gullies and steep slopes are covered with tangles of vines, dense fields of tall sugar cane, thickets of banana palms and groves of taller trees.

The main part of the mopping-up has fallen in recent months to the men of the 24th Infantry Regiment—veterans of Guadalcanal, New Georgia and Bougainville with more than 35 months' overseas duty. Although some of the Jap-occupied territory lies not more than a mile from our own installations, the fighting is similar in almost every respect to combat in forward areas.

One night recently OPs on the top of Mount Topotchau, the highest point on the island, located a number of Jap campfires in the hills. Next day three patrols were sent out to investigate these bivouacs, burn the shelters and destroy the food supplies. Leading one 11-man patrol were Lt. Robert E. Sprouce of Wheeling, W. Va., and S/Sgt. Turner L. Ross of Montgomery, Ala.

This squad moved out from Mount Topotchau about 0830, taking along a weapons carrier loaded with 25 gallons of gasoline for burning enemy shelters, plenty of TNT and some wrecking bars. Most of the men carried rifles. Pfcs. Erskine Barnes of West Blocton, Ala., and Samuel Handsel of Fort Worth, Tex., were armed with BARs.

Looking down from the mountain on the enemy-held territory, they could see no sign of Japs on the wild, wooded ridges below. Beyond in the distance, where the flat farmland of the Chamorros stretched along the shore on the far side of the island, they could see the new warehouses the Engineers were building and trucks and jeeps moving along the roadways. Still farther off, across a narrow stretch of ocean, the low island of Tinian was barely visible in the morning haze.

Moving about in Jap territory in the daytime is a risky operation, with the enemy holding every advantage. There was a real danger of ambush this morning on the narrow trail down which the patrol drove, but a thorough search of the underbrush was possible only in daylight.

THE men rode in the truck until they reached the first Jap bivouac area. It was surprisingly close to our outposts. There was a cluster of wooden buildings which the Japs apparently had been using as a point from which to observe our movements. The buildings had been practically destroyed, probably during the fighting when the island was first "secured," but their frames of hand-hewn timbers had withstood even our flame throwers.

Although it was doubtful that the Japs would remain close to our positions in daylight hours, security had to be maintained every minute on the patrol. Lt. Sprouce sent Ross and a few other men out to search the undergrowth.

At the side of one of the skeleton buildings the Japs had recently built a crude lean-to with a thatch roof, capable of keeping them dry in the worst weather and providing cover for their little fires. Just in front of the lean-to the men found a large cistern. Sgt. Charles Blackwell of Anniston, Ala., the demolition man in the squad, was left with a guard to blow up the cistern. The rest of the patrol moved into the building.

At the entrance Cpl. Frank Wright of Montgomery, Ala., found two dead Jap soldiers wearing GI leggings and shoes. They evidently had not been dead many days, for their skins had not begun to decompose. There were indications that other Japs had been living in the building while the bodies lay at the doorway, and it was possible that the bodies had been booby-trapped. No one touched them.

In the area the men also found a chicken coop made from a 50-gallon GI gas can cut in half, with a strip of chicken wire in front of it. Inside a hen was sitting on 15 eggs.

When the men on security reported no Japs hiding in the vicinity, Lt. Sprouce ordered gasoline poured over the thatch lean-to and lighted. Though it had been raining almost steadily for a week, the thatch caught fire instantly. But the timbered frameworks refused to be destroyed. Pfc. Luther Walker of McKamie, Ark., tried without success to knock down some of the corner posts with a sledge hammer, and the patrol had to move on and leave the job for later.

Since the trail was wide, the men continued in the truck. They passed the site of a building which already had been destroyed and kept going until they reached a small Shinto shrine at the side of the road. Here the lieutenant had the truck halted and everybody climbed out.

The trees and shrubs bordering the trail were so thick at this point that it was impossible to see more than a few hundred yards into the underbrush. But the lieutenant had a map which showed a building of some sort just above on the rise to the right. Pfc. Joe Scale of New York City first made a search of the hillside to the left, and when he had reported all clear the patrol began moving through the trees toward the point indicated on the map. Lt. Sprouce and Ross led the way, with Cpl. Roosevelt Brown of Memphis, Tenn., the radio operator, just behind. For the moment the patrol was cut off from contact with headquarters. Cpl. Brown tried to raise the radio man back at the OP, but the portable radio wasn't powerful enough to reach over the ridge and through the dense woods. The men spaced five yards apart moved quickly, hoping to finish the job in a hurry and get back into an open area where the radio again could make contact. The OP was reporting a lot of movement among bushes which could not be seen by the patrol.

The objective shown on the map turned out to be a frame shack and a thatch lean-to. There weren't many signs that the Japs had been using

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enemy and setting them afire.

A GI with a field phone (right) keeps the patrol in touch with the CP.

Fighting in the Pacific often goes on long after an island has been "secured." Japs still hide out in the hills of Saipan, living off the country, and U. S. Infantry patrols still ferret them out of their holes.

the spot recently, although some breadfruit and potatoes were scattered about. At the rear of the shelter there were some empty C-ration and K-ration cases and many strands of wire, indicating that this may have once been an American CP.

The lean-to was set afire, and no sooner had it begun to burn than a supply of small-arms ammo, which was hidden in the thatch, began to explode. There was a mad scramble to get out of the area, and on reaching a clearing Brown managed to radio back to the OP again.

Security was called in and the patrol moved on once more. The road led down a hill, and the men proceeded on foot, searching every yard on each side of the road carefully, with the weapons carrier following at a safe distance. With the explosion of the ammunition, it was impossible for Japs in the area to be unaware of the patrol's presence, and the men were alert for an ambush.

The next bivouac area showed signs of having been abandoned this morning, possibly only a few minutes before the patrol arrived. A fire had been recently laid. On a little shelf just behind the fireplace were the shells of about a dozen eggs and on the ground nearby was a can of American coffee. Behind the buildings another cistern was found. Blackwell used two pounds of TNT in an attempt to destroy it, but the concrete didn't even crack.

Just beyond a thatch hut appeared the final objective, another group of buildings. Since it was apparent that the Japs were nearby, the truck remained behind, with Pfc. James Colbert of Newellton, La., as guard. This was not the safest job, for the Japs would attack the truck first. Ross, who was leading the patrol, reached the buildings first and immediately noticed in the soft rain-soaked earth the footprints of at least 10 persons. The Japs had made no attempt to disguise the direction in which they had fled. The path led directly to a sharp cliff on the side of a high ridge.

The patrol formed a skirmish line and started toward the cliff, the scouts moving out ahead. It was abnormally quiet. No one dared make any noise even though the Japs certainly knew of the patrol's movements. The ridge loomed up menacingly. The Japs were in a wonderful defensive position—a couple of grenades from the heights could have wiped out the entire patrol.

Suddenly the air was full of smells. Hiding in the woods for months, the Japs hadn't had a chance to take any baths. At the very base of the cliff the men came to a large bivouac area built around a huge shoulder of rock. Caves had been dug into the rock, and in these the Japs had been doing their cooking. Some of the fires were still hot, though they had been hurriedly covered with dirt and rocks.

The Japs were well stocked. Fresh coffee, rice, water, canned fish and meat and fresh vegetables were found in quantity. Some of the food was American, but most of the supplies must have come from gardens in the area which the Japs apparently cultivated at night. There were also blankets and articles of clothing.

It was getting late. Before leaving, the men destroyed all the food and equipment. That night the mortars zeroed in on the targets the patrol had marked with fires. The next day the cannon company fired hundreds of shells into the area.

Other men on the patrol were Pfcs. Eddie P. Stile of West Point, Miss., and Charles Jackson of Phoenix, Ariz., who went as aid men, and S/Sgt. George McNeal of Edwards, Miss.

Although the patrol did not make actual contact with the enemy, the Japs were undoubtedly hard hit by the mission.

THE 24th Infantry's mopping-up operations are being aided by a propaganda campaign conducted by the language section of G-2, using leaflets and broadcasts from portable loudspeakers. Between February 14 and March 3 of this year, 58 Japs soldiers and 86 civilians have been induced to come out of hiding and surrender.

The loudspeakers are usually set up on high ground overlooking the caves and underbrush where Japs are known to be lurking. Every half hour, for four or five hours at a time, a spoken appeal in the Japanese language is made over the loudspeaker. Before and after each speech, recordings of Jap folk songs and children's songs are played. This music is chosen to make the listeners homesick.

The spoken appeal is made by Cpl. "Ike" Miyamoto of Honolulu, a member of a 10-man language team. Miyamoto never uses the word "surrender." His tone is reassuring, and his spiel runs something like this:

"Hello, hello. This is your friend speaking. Did you hear the music just played? Wasn't it sweet? Weren't they beautiful songs? I am sure the songs brought back memories of home. I have a message for those of you who are still hiding in the mountains. We want to help care for the wounded and sick. We are especially anxious to see that the women and children are brought out to safety. . . . Those who have already come out of the mountains are being treated well. They are well satisfied and very happy to be with their friends in the camp and the stockade. . . . There is plenty of good food, cigarettes and candy. . . ." Then directions are given on how the fugitives may turn themselves in.

Several individuals who surrendered after listening to such broadcasts have volunteered to return to the hills and bring back their friends. One who was sent back with cigarettes and candy showed up the next morning with 14 civilians in tow, among them two women and three children. Another, a soldier, made two trips into the hills. Each time he came back with a group. In one of these were an infantry lieutenant and five other soldiers.

IT is believed that Jap resistance on Saipan is led by a little fellow who stands about 5 feet 5 and weighs around 130 pounds. He wears a U. S. khaki uniform, leather leggings and a Jap officer's cap and carries a type-94 Jap automatic pistol with a white tassel tied to the holster. Most of his followers are said to fear him as much as they do the Americans, and he apparently maintains his control over them by a mixture of threats and promises.

Early this year he promised his followers that on February 11, which was Empire Day (*Kigen Setsu*), the Jap fleet would sail into Saipan's harbor and drive the Americans away. On that day a U. S. fleet of some 800 ships arrived off Saipan on its way to Iwo Jima. The "boss" lost a lot of prestige on February 11.

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Sports-Minded Spink

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

ST. LOUIS, MO.—J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of the *Sporting News*, let out a roar which brought his circulation manager running. Glaring at him over his glasses, Spink threw the letter he had been reading across the desk and bellowed, "Here's a guy on Guam who hasn't seen our paper in a month."

It isn't Spink's fault if a copy of the *Sporting News*—"Baseball's Bible," as the *Saturday Evening Post* called it a few years ago—isn't available in every latrine and day room from the Rhine to Okinawa. Probably no other civilian publication outside of *Time* and *Newsweek* has put so much effort into serving the servicemen.

When the war began the *Sporting News* had a circulation of about 145,000; now it is rapidly approaching the half-million mark, and a large part of it is going to servicemen in this country and overseas.

Besides its regular edition of the *Sporting News*, which averages 24 pages, Spink prints an Overseas Edition and a Service Edition. The Overseas Edition is just what its name implies. The Service Edition goes to camps and hospitals in this country. Originally the St. Louis publisher tried to keep his regular edition standard-sized while publishing the other two as tabloids, but it didn't work out mechanically, and now all three papers are tabloid.

"Going tabloid was the best thing that ever happened to us," Spink says. "We did it to the Service and Overseas Editions to cut down the space in the mail sacks. Now we've found that we get a display on the newsstands that we couldn't get as a standard-sized newspaper. I don't think we'll ever go back to the large size."

Sending his paper overseas to our troops during wartime isn't anything new for Spink. He took over the management of the paper in 1914. By 1918, with most of the country's baseball fans off to war, the circulation dropped to 6,000 copies. He was debating whether he would have to fold the paper for the duration when the late Col. Tillinghast Huston returned from France. Huston, who was then a partner of the late Jake Ruppert in the ownership of the Yankees, told of seeing soldiers at the front pass around a copy of the *Sporting News* until it was in shreds. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, then bought 10,000 subscriptions to be sent overseas.

Spink wasn't caught napping when this war broke out. Right after Pearl Harbor he went to Washington and talked with Lt. Col. Ray L. Trautman, library division of Special Services, and Maj. Paul Postell, his assistant, and arranged to send 14,700 six-month subscriptions to Special Service officers for distribution among the troops. Before those subscriptions had expired the quota was raised to 35,000 and it has been increased steadily ever since.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, the Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Owens-Illinois Glass and a number of other industrial firms, as well as the major and minor leagues, sponsor subscriptions. And papers purchased by the Joe E. Brown All-Pacific Recreation Fund Inc., which sponsors subscriptions for 15,000 copies per week, were flown to the Marines on Iwo Jima. Sgt. Karl Lipke wrote from that island: "The *Sporting News* was the first Stateside paper here. We distributed over 1,000 copies yesterday."

A typical Overseas Edition carries, in addition to baseball coverage, features on boxing, horse racing, hockey, football and whatever sports are in season; also pin-ups and cartoons. "We make an effort to avoid vulgarity in our pin-ups," says Spink. One of the recent *Sporting News* pin-ups was a picture of Sherry Britton, strip-tease artist at Leon & Eddie's in New York. The caption mentioned that Sherry would be glad to send one of her pictures to anybody who wrote to her at the night club. She received 23,000 requests.

J. G. TAYLOR SPINK inherited his newspaper and his love for sports. His Uncle Al founded the *Sporting News* in 1886, but he soon found publishing a paper, even a sports paper, dull business and sent for his brother Charlie, Taylor's father, to run it for him. Al had written a play about horse racing, a turkey named "The Derby Winner," and immediately on Charlie's arrival from the Dakotas, where he had been homesteading, took it on tour. When Al wasn't touring with his play he was attempting to popularize night horse racing at St. Louis' South Side Race Track.

Charlie dropped the coverage of other sports and concentrated on baseball. He fought for a number of reforms in the game, but it wasn't until the advent of the American League in 1900 that his paper, which backed the Ban Johnson circuit in its fight with the National League, really established itself. When the two leagues made peace they asked Editor Joe Flanner of the *Sporting News* to write the National Agreement. It was set in type at the *Sporting News* office and a proof was shown to Harry Pulliam, then president of the National League. Pulliam was impressed with it, and both leagues adopted it without changing a word of the original copy.

About that time Taylor, who wanted to be a sportswriter, quit high school to take a job as an office boy in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sports department. Later, when the *Sporting News* office boy quit, Taylor went to work for his father.

Ring Lardner succeeded Joe Flanner as editor of the *Sporting News* before the first World War. The paper went steadily downhill under Ring, who wasn't cut out for an editorial desk job. But it was on the *Sporting News* that Lardner wrote "Pullman Pastimes," the predecessor of his "You Know Me Al" series which made him famous as a short-story writer.

SPINK took over management of the paper from his father not long after Lardner left to write sports for the Boston *Evening American*. Taylor improved it greatly by hiring correspondents in every city which boasted a team in organized baseball. After weathering the first World War, he expanded by starting the *Sporting Goods Dealer*, a trade publication, and publishing baseball guides and record books. In fact, Spink did so well that he was able to have a feud with the late Judge Landis.

"The judge did most of the feuding," Taylor says today. "He was the greatest benefactor the game has had, even if he did act like a ham actor at times."

To make this respectful appraisal of Landis, Spink had to overlook the fact that the judge took away from him the compiling and printing of the official baseball guide, a task Spink and his staff had handled for years, and deprived him of thousands of dollars in income.

Spink gets around. He makes two or three trips a year to New York to take in the shows. He'll go anywhere to attend a sporting event. He's traveled in Europe. The Kentucky Derby is an event he never misses, and he loves to bet on the horses. He arrives at his office early and works late, but when the tracks are open he is in constant touch with one of the St. Louis books.

When friends suggested that he was the man to succeed Landis as commissioner of the national pastime he shouted, "I don't want any part of that job."

"Why?" they asked.

"Why?" he said. "Because I wouldn't be able to bet on the horses—that's why."

Taylor Spink uses a Dictaphone to answer all servicemen's letters personally.

THIS nice young thing from Ann Arbor, Mich., is Martha Vickers (nee MacVicar) who has her first important movie role in Warner Bros. production "The Big Sleep," starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Martha will be 20 years old next May 28. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs exactly 108, has light brown hair and blue-green eyes.

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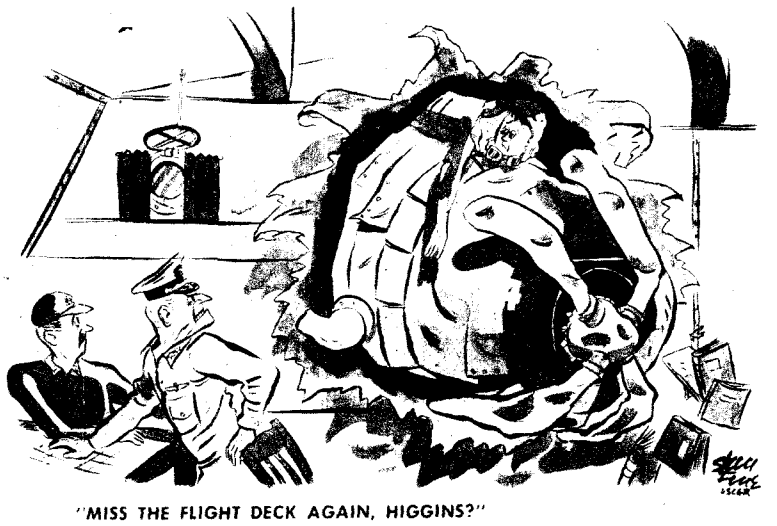
"MEET LT. WYMAN, HARVARD—LT. CLARK, PRINCETON—AND CAPT. ESTEY, USAFI."
—Pfc. Willard G. Levitas



"MISS THE FLIGHT DECK AGAIN, HIGGINS?"
—Stan Fine S1c

YANK

"SOME MORE V-MAIL FOR MULLINS."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"—ABOUT YOUR RUNNING DOWN TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE ALL THE TIME, MITCHELL —"
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson

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"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT?"
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

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